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THE PERSECUTION OF SENATOR WHEELER continues. He won one vindication at the hands of the Senate committee over which Senator Borah presided, and another at the hands of a Montana jury. But the little group which Harry Daugherty brought into the Department of Justice remains, and while it remains Wheeler will not be safe. Attorney General Stone did not remove them; and Mr. Sargent will not. So Senator Wheeler must face trial a third time. His colleague Senator Walsh is defending him, we understand, without compensation; but the costs of preparing to meet such a subtle and elaborate campaign of calumny as this are enormous. Vindications bring no restitution of the costs, and Senator Wheeler's pockets are not lined in preparation for such a deluge of attacks. His friends must help him. His friends? This is not a question of the honor of an individual, but the honor of a nation. If every man who dares stand up against the forces of corruption and indecency in official life is to be persecuted as this man has been, corruption and indecency will rule the country. Unless—unless there are enough others who hate corruption enough to support that man's defense. The Wheeler Defense Committee has been organized to give Senator Wheeler that support. It needs money. Its address is: Lenox Building, Washington, D. C.

AMBASSADOR HOUGHTON'S SPEECH has profoundly stirred the European chancelleries—as it was doubtless intended to. Mr. Houghton is not given to making speeches, so that when he does the public may be certain that he has something important to say. This time he gave most solemn warning that the hour had come for Europe to bury the hatchet and its animosities, and really to work for a lasting and genuine peace. In our judgment that cannot come until the Treaty of Versailles is rewritten. We cannot pretend to say, as have some of the French commentators, that this was what Mr. Houghton had in mind—we hope it was. But he did make it plain, and the President has since announced his approval of the Ambassador's stand, that Europe need expect no more financial aid from America unless it gives conclusive proof of its will to peace. That is all to the good. The Ambassador and the President cannot, of course, control the investment abroad of the money of private individuals. The firm of Morgan may float as many foreign loans as it can resell to its American customers. But this process will be far more difficult if the bankers understand that the government is opposed to any such procedure in the case of countries which refuse to work for disarmament and rehabilitation. We note with great satisfaction the dispatches from Paris to the effect that Briand is now moving in the direction of accepting the German security proposals.

THIS FRANCE SHOULD DO without hesitation, for it is a great and statesmanlike proposal and has not received half the credit it deserves. Indeed, we are inclined to regard it as furnishing the acid test of French sincerity, for Germany has offered a binding pledge not to make war upon her eastern or western neighbors for a generation. If France means business, she should accept this pact and forthwith reduce her swollen military forces, which, if continued, are bound to affect adversely her relations with England. With the money saved by decreasing her land armaments and giving up her foolish plans for a navy—her navy did her no good whatever in the late war—France would speedily be able to find enough money to begin to make regular payments on her debts to the United States and to her former allies. Of course, some of the jingo French newspapermen are furious at Mr. Houghton, because they say his speech handled Germany and France as if they were in the same category in regard to the war. The time has long passed for that sort of talk. There will be no progress in Europe until it treats both Germany and Russia as exactly on the same footing and as having the same rights and privileges in the family of nations as all the others. Meanwhile, we rejoice that Mr. Houghton has so stirred things up and that our country at last stands where it should have been at the very outset of the Versailles peace conference. Had Mr. Wilson taken this attitude, that conference would not have been such a dead failure, and the Treaty of Versailles would not have become the abomination that it is.

CAILLAUX IS TACKLING the French financial problem with grim seriousness. If he succeeds in doing what he sets out to do—balancing the budget out of ordinary revenues, and using reparations payments to create a sink-

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ing fund, part of which would be used to pay interallied debts, he will have established France as an honest debtor. The task, however, is not simple, even if the French municipal elections have just indicated a continued slight swing to the Left in French public opinion. It will mean higher taxes, which are always unpopular; and a reduction in military expenses, which will not be easy with a man-size war going on in Morocco. France, however, cannot expect the sympathy of the world, until she faces her position honestly. As Senator Borah recently put it in the New York *World:*

> As it works out, the American taxpayer is not only paying the cost of our military establishment, but is, in fact, paying for the maintenance of the French military establishment, or a large portion of it, and at a time when the French taxpayers' taxes are less than one-half of the taxes in the United States.

With Caillaux in power France may at last be facing the harsh realities of her position. She must learn to react to world opinion. Publication of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's secret memorandum on the state of Europe must have given some French politicians a healthy shock. For that statesman, reckoned as one of the most Francophile men in English public life, defends his policy of military alliance on the ground that only so can France be soothed into rewriting the territorial clauses of the Treaty of Versailles.

AT PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S INSTRUCTION Theodore Burton is speaking against poison gas at Geneva. The navy, on President Coolidge's orders, may shortly start on an Australian cruise which would be international poison gas in its worst form. The Hawaiian maneuvers were bad enough—they were so barefacedly preparation for the next war with Japan; and their aftermath was worse. Jingo officers and Congressmen are loudly demanding that we make Hawaii the strongest port in the world. These gentry, whether they know it or not, are doing their best to make the next war inevitable. The Hawaiian maneuvers "proved," as they were intended to "prove," two contradictory propositions: (a) that the fleet was too weak; (b) that the land defenses were too weak. We do not remember ever in the history of any nation to have heard of any naval or military demonstration which did not "prove" the need of more guns, ships, forts, men, officers, money. Logic is a minus quantity in the military mind. But what of the Yankee economist in the White House? Will he permit the officers to squander on parades in the Pacific the dollars that he saves by cutting down the appropriation for the Children's Bureau and refusing pay increases to the civil employees? Will he ask Ambassador Houghton to lecture Europe on peace, yet permit the navy to spend millions in demonstrating to Asia that we are really a superbly military nation? And what—if he believes this practice-war in the Pacific is needed—does Mr. Coolidge think of the "supreme achievements" of the Harding-Hughes Washington Conference?

GENEVA IS REPORTED IN DISMAY. The agenda of the Commission on International Traffic in Arms had been "carefully framed to avoid subjects likely to cause dissension." Then entered Mr. Burton, representing the United States, like a bull in a china shop, and suggested outlawing poison gas. It wasn't on the agenda! So the Powers referred it to a subcommittee, and League circles are praying that Mr. Burton has no new surprise up his sleeve. *The Nation* has no great faith in proposals to outlaw ungentlemanly methods of warfare, but it has even less faith in carefully prepared agenda. If we have more wars they are likely to be dirty wars dirtily fought; and the cause of peace is not helped by polite officials endeavoring to conceal the dirt and avoid dissension. The League's program of forcing publicity on the international traffic in arms is good as far as it goes; Mr. Burton's impolite insistence on the unpleasant subject of poison gas is also good. Geneva and the world need to be shocked into active abhorrence of murderous war, and into passionate determination to stop it. "Carefully prepared agenda," avoiding dissension, will not help.

WE ARE A BIT WORRIED about Mr. Coolidge's pet child, prosperity. Indeed, we are so anxious about its whereabouts that we should like to advertise for it as lost, strayed, or stolen. Take pig-iron. Before the election 2x foundry was down to $21.76 a ton. Immediately after the election the rise began; under the magic wand of Calvin Coolidge the price rose by February 24 to $25.01. Today it is back to $21.76; the "boom" is over. So more furnaces are going out of blast—twenty-five in April—and more mines are suspending operations. Even our premier industry, that of the automobile, shows a recession. General Motors did thirty-four millions of dollars less business in the first quarter of this year than last year, selling 155,000 cars to dealers instead of 215,000; dealers everywhere are making extraordinary concessions in the way of credit in order to make sales. The plight of the farmer is worse than ever. The high cost of fertilizer is, moreover, in many cases making it impossible for him to keep up the fertility of his land. Even in Washington they are beginning to hear from the country that all is not well—there were 45 bank failures and 1,939 commercial failures in April as against 1,707 bankruptcies for the same month in 1924. One of the professional apologists for the President explains that the Administration, bless your dear hearts, never expected a boom; that was all newspaper talk. What it did expect, and what it is still pinning its faith to, is the soundness of fundamental conditions—so sound that the many slumps can only be "temporary."

FOR TEN YEARS we have been trying—in vain—to find out who started the World War. No matter; we've at least found out who won it. It was Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, retired—not so retired, though, but what he was able to tell the story himself the other night. He decried President Wilson and Secretary Daniels as pacifists. After the latter testified before a Congressional committee late in 1914 that the navy was ready for war, Admiral Fiske says that he succeeded in getting the committee to call him as a witness, as a result of which a larger appropriation was voted than Mr. Daniels had asked for. By 1915, however, Secretary Daniels had reduced the navy to "a wholly ineffective state." So, says Admiral Fiske:

> I induced Representative Hobson to have a provision introduced into the navy appropriation bill changing the title of Aid for Operations to Chief of Naval Operations, giving him considerable power, and legalizing the office. This I did secretly, in defiance of all military procedure and against the law of Congress; for it was distinctly against the law for any army or navy officer to attempt to influence legislation, except in carrying out orders from the Secretary.

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Thus America was "prepared," and in due time won the World War, thanks to the illegal machinations of Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, not-so-very-retired. We hope Admiral Fiske is satisfied with what he won; hardly anybody else is. Can it be that Lowell was predicting the Admiral's priceless services when he wrote:

> Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
> The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow,—
> God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
> To start the world's team wen it gits in a slough;
> Fer John P.
> Robinson he
> Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

A STUDY OF THE ORIENTAL on the Pacific Coast has recently been made by a group of professors and students chiefly in colleges located on the Coast; and their preliminary findings have been published. A few of the more striking facts, taken bodily from the report, suggest the interesting possibilities of the final study. On "population" the report says:

> The Chinese population in the United States and on the Pacific Coast has been steadily decreasing since 1890. . . . The Japanese population has been increasing but at a *decreasing* rate of increase since 1890. . . . The ratio of the Chinese and Japanese to the total population in California has been steadily declining since 1900. . . .

On "sickness, poverty, and crime," it is discovered that:

> The Oriental has been of very little expense to the American community. Such records of relief agencies as have been studied indicate that the amount of relief given is very small. The extent of poverty, delinquency, and crime . . . is slight. . . . Compared with 16 per cent of the white population, only 6 per cent of the Chinese and Japanese population suffer from nervous diseases. . . .

On "agriculture":

> The great lesson of the desert is that every farm worker must sacrifice his personal independence for the common welfare. In this carefully organized and disciplined system the Japanese, unlike the native white, can make immediate adjustment. . . .

The report raises the questions of comparative racial intelligence, the second generation, and the state of public opinion. Tentative beginnings are made here toward an understanding of a problem at once complicated and elusive and as dangerous in its implications as any the country faces.

> You can lead a horse to water,
> But you can't make him drink;
> You can send a boy to college,
> But you can't make him think.

THE OLD RHYME is right. You can't *make* him think, but given a fair chance he will sometimes do it of his own accord. And he is doing it just now in regard to compulsory military training. A revolt is sizzling all the way from Boston University (we told the story of the *Beanpot's* jibes in our issue of April 22) to the Pacific Coast. Gradually the truth is getting about among students that there is not a word in the Morrill land-grant act which requires that military drill be made compulsory by a college which receives a subsidy under this law. As pointed out by Paul Blanshard in *The Nation* of February 18, the law requires only that military training be offered. The exact text is that in subsidized institutions "the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts." The compulsory feature has been introduced either through ignorance or the promptings of militarism. The University of Wisconsin took the lead among land-grant colleges in making its military drill elective two years ago. Once students and their parents come generally to understand the law, compulsory training is doomed, since even among those with no ethical scruples against the system there is a wide belief that military drill is a bore and a waste of time.

FOR THIS REASON we welcome enthusiastically the formation of the Anti-Compulsory Military Drill League in the University of Minnesota. The publicity work that it is doing is precisely what is needed to lead all land-grant colleges to give military drill as an elective instead of as a required course. We have before us an open letter which the league has sent to 3,300 faculty members, students, and organizations. The letter says that Major Wood, commander of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps at the University of Wisconsin, who was originally opposed to making military drill optional, has since come out in favor of the change. "Voluntary drill has eliminated those students who have an intense inward hatred of drill," he is quoted as saying. "Our corps is better off because of it." Whether influenced by the Anti-Compulsory Military Drill League of the University of Minnesota, or by some other source, the campus of Howard University, a Negro institution in Washington, D. C., is the latest to experience agitation. A student strike was declared against a new regulation providing that anyone absent twenty times from the classes in physical education or the drills of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps should be dropped from the university. One of the banners displayed on the campus read: "What is this going to be—an army or a university?"

TWO AMERICANS singularly different, yet both singularly characteristic of American life, died last week. One was Herbert Quick, born in an Iowa frontier cabin, who devoted a passionate lifetime to the cause of the American farmer; the other was Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, apostle of the blue-blooded tradition in New York society. Mrs. Van Rensselaer was no mere snob; she was a diligent and intelligent student of local history, with a sensitive appreciation of the qualities of the old Dutch settlers. New York society, she thought, began to degenerate when descendants of John Jacob Astor, dealer in pianos and furs, and of Commodore Vanderbilt, who had been a ferryboat pilot, were permitted to marry into the old families. Her life looked backward, as life in the aristocracy of the Eastern cities is likely to do; yet it represented a great tradition in American life, as the names of some of the thirty-eight families which alone she called truly blue-blooded—Jay, King, Duer, Morton, Fish, and others—remind us. Herbert Quick told another story. Curiously, the hero of his novel "Vandemark's Folly" was also a New York Dutchman; but a Dutchman who looked forward and went West. Quick, who had learned his A B C's in a frontier school, had taught other farmers' sons, and then turned—only because infantile paralysis barred more strenuous pursuits to him—to editing farmers' papers, had a vivid sense of the dramatic character of the great westward migration. In him and in his writing the old Dutch strain again became a significant part of the creative present.

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Should News of Crime Be Suppressed?

"EVE," said Adam as he sat down to supper after a hard day spading up thistles, "the newspapers are paying too much attention to crime nowadays. It's disgusting the amount of space the Eden *Daily News* is giving to that Cain-Abel murder mystery."

"It ought to be stopped," responded Eve firmly. "I'll introduce a resolution about it at the next meeting of the Monday Night Women's Club."

We are not sure that this conversation is recorded in the Bible; but we are sure that it took place and that it has been repeated at countless supper-tables ever since, attaining the virulence of a general public discussion at intervals of every ten or twenty years.

We are having such a discussion now, and it has led newspapers in widely separated localities to experiment with the proposals suggested in the debate. The Fayetteville, North Carolina, *Observer* announced that for fifteen days it would eliminate accounts of all crime from its pages and see how readers liked it. In Des Moines, Iowa, the *Register*, acting at the suggestion of the women's clubs of the city, decided to experiment with keeping crime news off the front page, segregating it inside. The Decatur, Illinois, *Review* undertook to segregate crime inside and to label it as such so that it could easily be read or avoided. Various other journals have been trying one or another of these schemes. The Fayetteville *Observer* gave up its plan before the fifteen days were over, overwhelmed, so it said, with a demand for the old news in the old way. Other experiments still continue, and new ones will doubtless be initiated, but we predict that the total life of the movement will not exceed that of mah jong or the cross-word puzzle.

These periodical flare-ups against news of crime are based largely on misconceptions of what the newspapers ought to print or else on misconceptions of what they do print. A study of the front pages of eight prominent Eastern newspapers was made recently in the University of Pennsylvania. The front page was chosen as the "show window"—typical of the rest of the contents. Not only was all material classified as crime which recorded the commission or investigation of crime, but also that dealing with criminal-court proceedings and accidents involving a certain amount of criminality. Even this broad classification accounted for only 22.5 per cent of the front-page space, while political and governmental news occupied first place with 38.5 per cent. The managing editor of the Des Moines *Register*, in commenting on that newspaper's experiment, said it had demonstrated "that some at least of the news matter that the careless reader has classified as crime news and that he has been maddest about is not crime news at all." Quite so. Thousands of readers use "crime" as a symbol to describe whatever displeases them in a newspaper's bill of fare.

Unfortunately crime has been, is, and probably long will be one of the great, solid, inescapable facts in this intensely interesting human laboratory called the world. It has been the theme of a large part of the literature of all time. Some of the severest critics of crime news are members of our churches and devoted readers of the Bible. Do they forget that the Bible is perhaps the world's greatest compilation of crime? Any reform, it is admitted, must be preceded by a knowledge of the facts. An understanding of crime, a study of the motives and passions which direct men, is essential to anyone who would know his fellows or work for their betterment.

Crime is news. It is one of those unusual and abnormal aspects of life in which people generally are interested. The very fact that it is unusual and abnormal is evidence that the vast majority is law-abiding and socially minded. If Smith shoots his wife, it is news, and Brown wants to know about it. If Smith does not shoot his wife, Brown—who has not shot his either—does not ask that the fact be recorded in his daily newspaper, while Smith would be mad as a hornet if it were. Without doubt many persons get suggestions for crime from the newspapers; without doubt, also, many are deterred from crime through learning in the newspapers of its frequent failure, peril, and punishment.

And where shall we draw the line once we set out to eliminate or segregate news of crime? It is inextricably mixed with past and current history of the greatest moment. If a government official is found to be stealing or misusing public funds, that is crime news. Should it be suppressed? If a Wall Street broker is found to be running a bucket-shop, that is crime news. Should it be suppressed? If a hundred men are killed in a coal mine because the company has failed to comply with the safety laws, that is crime news. Should it be suppressed?

Obviously the present revival of the notion that news of crime should be kept out of the newspapers is a manifestation of the wave of censorship that is rolling over the country. It is part of the theory that some of us should regulate the amount and kind of truth which others should receive. Those who are most passionately advocating a suppression or sterilization of crime news are generally persons who like to call themselves "constructive." Yet in this respect they are championing purely destructive tactics; they are ignoring the one practicable way to improvement, which consists not in demanding that newspapers eliminate or segregate news of crime but that they *write about it truthfully*. Failure to do this, either deliberate or carelessly unintentional, is the real evil. When our newspapers are disgusting, degrading, and dangerous—as some undoubtedly are—it is not because they print news of crime but because they sentimentalize and distort it, because they garnish it with all the vulgar tricks of the "sob sister" and the rewrite man, because they dramatize it according to the hack rules of the hero-villain theory of life.

Every newspaper has its own public—a special group that it is reaching or aiming at. Wherever a group of sufficient size can express a desire for a truthful presentation of crime it can generally find a newspaper ready to cater to this wish. Most of our better metropolitan newspapers are already treating crime with more intelligence and taste than they showed twenty years ago, although the newly arrived tabloid dailies are exploiting it shamefully. In New York City, for instance, the better journals pass by a countless amount of such material every day because they regard it as too sordid or too commonplace. Selection and truthful presentation, not suppression—that is what the intelligent and conscientious should ask for. Even the *Christian*

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Science Monitor, contrary to common belief, prints some news of crime. It does so when it thinks that the crime in question seriously affects history. It recorded recently the shooting of the Sirdar of Egypt and has had some details about the assassinations in Bulgaria.

When we achieve the Perfect World we shall banish crime from our newspapers. But by then we shall be ready to banish the newspapers also.

Don't Shoot—We're Coming Down

THIS is the title of an authorized interview in the *Nation's Business* with Mr. W. E. Humphrey, the new member of the Federal Trade Commission. In its frankness it is illuminating. It seems that the Federal Trade Commission was intended not to control business but to aid it. "Instead of helping business," writes the reporter of the interview with Mr. Humphrey, "the commission has put every possible obstacle in its way and, worst of all, it—totally without warrant or justification—condemned and maligned business men for practices of which they were innocent." In other words, the commission, after preferring charges, like all other judicial or semi-judicial bodies, has sometimes found itself unable to carry through its cases. Mr. Humphrey lets us know precisely how the commission is going to function hereafter, now that he has been appointed to reform it: "The commission wishes to be worthy of the confidence of the business interests of the country."

In other words, the Federal Trade Commission is no longer to function as judge, or prosecutor, or policeman, if you please. It is to do only what business desires. The *Nation's Business* explains that "business had looked to the commission for practical influence and guidance. But the commission arose like a bad jinnee from an Arabian Nights' jar." So President Coolidge is there to see that it does nothing hereafter at which business may take any offense. The business man who has hardly slept o' nights in dread of action by the commission will henceforth sleep undisturbed. It will teach and advise him hereafter, be his guide, philosopher, and friend ever, never by any chance his prosecutor or his judge. It will be without teeth, and therefore—will soon sink into innocuous desuetude. Once it becomes merely advisory, with its members all good fellows, merely telling business how to keep within the law of make more money, all will be well again. Even the once redoubtable and always comic William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce under Woodrow Wilson, joins in the chorus in this same issue of the *Nation's Business*. The Federal Trade Commission formerly—under Woodrow Wilson, of course—did its duty nobly, he explains. Then it became wickedly "legalistic" and has since shown "little of the underlying economic facts" in its cases and so has failed "to make clear the issues involved." So the proper thing is not to find new commissioners who will remedy errors in judgment or procedure—it is to turn over the whole commission to big business, to do its will, to be emasculated, to become no longer a guardian of the people's rights, a watchman against injustice, a prosecutor of wrong-doing. In other words, the commission might now as well be abolished.

What President Coolidge has done to draw the teeth of the trade commission he has also done in the case of the tariff and other commissions. Indeed, a news-service writer in Washington declares that "the President yesterday intimated that business can go ahead with little fear of officious interference from Washington." It explains the President's confidence in this by saying of the tariff commission that with Mr. Culbertson out it will have a majority who will see eye to eye with Mr. Coolidge. The trade commission, it rejoices to report, will no longer be unnecessarily disturbing. The shipping board has been told that its members hold office during good behavior only and must act in a "seemly manner," and the good old Department of Justice will confine itself to "routine matters." If the era of peace and good-will on earth has not arrived for the American business man, how can it ever be looked for? For on top of all this wonderful news from Washington, on top of all these glorious achievements of the greatest of Presidents, we have Congress adjourned and we have Senator Edge of New Jersey giving the noble advice to Representatives and Senators to say not one word about politics or anything else this coming summer. Mr. Edge believes that business is very "sensitive" and he entirely agrees with President Coolidge's desire, as reported by Mark Sullivan, "to keep business immune from disturbing news from Washington."

Admirable, admirable! Patriotic, philanthropic, wise—just as wise as the ostrich, the wisest of birds. We have only one constructive suggestion to add. Let us change the national anthem. The present one is poor—poor musically, poor in spirit. Let us take another leaf from our former enemies and make our anthem "Business, Business über Alles." Why not? It would reassure business tremendously. It would put the emphasis of our national life where it belongs. It would give notice to all the world who America's real rulers are—and no nonsense about it. Finally, it would be a most delicate compliment to our great business President and a just recognition of Coolidge prosperity.

The Tyranny of Fiction

THE literary history of the last two decades has been marked by much-heralded events in various branches of literature. The renaissance of poetry, of drama, and of biography has been vigorously press-agented by eager journalists, and it does exist as a real phenomenon; but its effect may easily be overestimated and it has done little to break the established tyranny of prose fiction. In the catalogues of publishers and in the circulation lists of public libraries fiction is still overwhelmingly dominant over all other departments of belles-lettres, and to the vast majority of literate persons "a book" still means, without question, a novel.

A little more than a century ago Jane Austen, who had the glorious tradition of Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith behind her, felt called upon seriously to defend the art she practiced against those who refused to consider it a legitimate form of literature, and the Victorian age was already far advanced before it ceased to be the custom specifically to exclude novels when the benefits of wide reading were urged upon youth. Before that the drama had gone through a similar period of opprobrium; it was not at least until Ben Jonson aroused the laughter of the wits by publishing plays in a collected edition and calling them, paradoxically, "Works," that

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anyone thought of the possibility of founding a literary reputation upon pieces written for the stage. But the drama won its way to respectability, and fiction has now repeated literary history so that today the novel, once barely tolerated, has come to tyrannize. College professors give it a considerable place in their courses, and literary critics, as a matter of course, spend the major part of their time in discussing it.

To an orthodox litterateur of a past age—to Dr. Johnson, for example—such a condition of affairs would have seemed palpably absurd and unspeakably vulgar; he would have been unable to see in the novel anything capable of equaling in importance or dignity the forms which had the sanction of classical antiquity behind them. Yet to anyone who will now look back upon the development of the novel it will be clear that the importance which it has assumed was inevitable because all the experiments of a century converged to make this marvelous thing which Richardson and Fielding discovered. The comic romances of Cervantes and Rabelais, the pseudo-biographies of Defoe, the brief character sketches which the seventeenth century learned to write in imitation of Theophrastus, and the informal essays of Addison were all brought together and united into one whole, varied and flexible, which included all the new forms of expression which the growth of an increasingly complex consciousness had developed. Thus the novel answered many needs, and it has continued to show a most amazing power of adaptation and assimilation, being continuously refitted and remolded to the demands of each succeeding age. When romanticism arrived, Scott made it a vehicle of romantic feeling; in the hands of Dickens it came to express the exact blend of optimism and sentiment for which his readers felt the need; George Eliot found it equally serviceable for those solemn discussions of morals and sociology which were just beginning to be popular, and since that time it has given no indication of having reached the limits of its flexibility. Revolutionary ethics and iconoclastic criticism, social discontent and scientific speculation, have been poured in; it shows no sign of finding any material indigestible. Whatever the interest of the moment may be, whether it is psychoanalysis or war or pacifism, the novel finds a place for it, and thus it is no wonder that novels are read. In them will be found whatever is found in the minds of men at the time when they are written.

Doubtless those to whom literature means something more than its subject matter will never cease to feel a certain impatience over the fact that the novel seems to make most people forget that other kinds of literature exist. Being as it is a sort of *omnium gatherum* and often distinguished as a form by nothing except its formlessness, it does not (except in those rare cases where a master—a Hardy, a Maugham, or a Galsworthy—succeeds in giving it a unity of matter and manner) convey much of that sort of aesthetic pleasure which is communicated by the comeliness of shape in a well-turned lyric or a perfect essay. But this sort of pleasure is, and always has been, a pleasure for the few alone. The majority will continue to find in the novel more satisfactorily than anywhere else the matter which concerns them; and the tyranny of fiction will not be relaxed—at least unless some strange revolution of human affairs should bring back again that condition of society in which reading is the privilege of a definitely literary class alone.

The World Grows Old

THIS world is growing old not only by adding years to its span, but by discovering for what an amazing number of years it has been about as old as it is today. One of the signs of its age is its growing interest in its own past. A young man lives lustily, looking forward; he has no time to meditate upon his youth. Age brings discouragement with the present, lack of interest in the future, reflection upon the past, and the rereading of old diaries.

As a world we are feeling old and tired these days, and are digging into our past. And every time the archaeologists make a new discovery they turn another merry jest at the expense of modern civilization. We have airplanes and steam railroads and electric light; but wherein are we so different from the men and women and babies of Kish, where Professor S. H. Langdon of the Field Museum-Oxford University expedition has been turning over the sands? Kish died some five thousand years ago; Kish was as remote when Athens flourished as Pericles's city at its prime is from us today. But the women of Kish toyed with copper hand-mirrors; the men beat out fish-hooks and then passed meditative hours hanging over the Euphrates; they shaved with copper razors, and in idle moments they amused themselves making children's toys. Professor Langdon found a top molded to represent a man riding a horse; a hollow toy goat containing a pebble, which—five thousand years ago—served as a baby's rattle; a toy bank containing a Sumerian child's pennies. And the boys of Kish played at war, and built toy war chariots.

A day came when Kish was destroyed. Angry enemies tore from the walls of the royal chamber the slate panels inlaid with white limestone figures of domestic animals and of prisoners with hands bound behind their backs. Hand-mirrors and fish-hooks and copper razors and carved tops lay where the panic-stricken Sumerians dropped them, and for thousands of years the sands of the desert blew across them. The great entry-hall, seven hundred feet long, with its five-foot columns was totally forgotten. Today it is laid bare; and by these mute relics we learn that men had domesticated horses a thousand years earlier than we knew, and that the sport of angling is several millenniums older than we had believed.

Hundreds of cities lie buried and forgotten under the sands of Mesopotamia and Arabia. Civilizations older than the Sumerian will yet be uncovered. And in them amazed archaeologists will probably discover that boys played at war, that women were vain and affectionate, and that parents toiled to please their children years before the sea cut England off from the rest of Europe, when the mastodons still roamed in herds across what is now New York State.

Perhaps all this digging will give us some sense of proportion about ourselves and our little achievements. Perhaps we Americans can learn from our own American ruins that behind the voyage of Columbus lay centuries of a highly developed and subtle civilization on our own continent, and from these and Asia's buried cities that civilizations as proud as our own have faded even out of the memory of man. But how can we ever adjust ourselves to such finds as those of another Field Museum digger, who has just returned from Patagonia with fossils which, he reckons, are "somewhere between seven and fifteen million years old"?

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The War Against Evolution

By MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

"THE physical strength of a healthy ape is three times that of a human being, and the mental strength three times that of an evolutionist." Thus the *Golden Age*, posthumous spokesman of Pastor Russell. And the Reverend Mr. Bulgin, of Indianapolis, is even less complimentary: "Unbelief is a bigger sin than murder or horse-stealing." A prominent business man splutters to a scientific society: "Your theory may be very good for monkeys and microbes, but not for men and women," while the pupils of Southwestern College in Kansas are being obliged to state on oath that their study of evolution has not undermined their faith in God.

The fundamentalist attitude toward life seems to be the normal American condition. There is no widespread leaven of educated skepticism in this fundamentalist yeast, for three-quarters of our so-called college graduates come from seminaries where the chief subjects taught are military drill, nineteenth-century American literature, and the Bible. In Pittsburgh a man recently killed his son because he would not join a cult which forbade dancing and flirtation. The American Medical Liberty League, Inc., sends out a tract headed: "Vaccination Violates God's Law." Two little girls in Minnesota have won a trip to Chicago by their ability to recite over a thousand verses of the Bible at one sitting. "They had never seen a movie, used a telephone, ridden on a street car, or seen a building more than three stories high." Says the Rev. Mr. Francis D. Nichol, one of the editors of *Signs of the Times*, of Mountain View, California, credited by Ayer's Newspaper Annual with the largest circulation of any American denominational paper: "Why call upon a group of educational and scientific men to solve a religious problem? . . . It is not for a group of educators to decide what they wish to teach the youth, but for the fathers and mothers to say what they wish to have taught to their children."

Truth is thus to be determined by majority vote of the taxpayers, parents, and Christians—not only in the backward States of the Southern and Midwestern hinterland, but in such formerly progressive regions as Oregon, Minnesota, and California.

In California, where the problem is critical, the spokesman of the fundamentalists is the Rev. George L. Thorpe of Corona. I have a letter from Mr. Thorpe outlining his position. Here are some excerpts from it:

I am a father pleading for the soul's eternal welfare of my two boys and their Christian citizenship and future welfare of our country. Evolution undermines both, creates lawlessness, and produces atheists. I have over two hundred cases definitely reported to me where young people went from Christian homes to college, high schools, or universities, and came home evolutionists and atheists; therefore by its fruits shall it be known.

My work is for everybody that believes in a living Creator and that the Bible is His revealed will and word. I am working for every boy and girl in California, whether they be Catholic, Protestant, or Jew, against teaching a theory or hypothesis for an established fact which it is not right to teach any young person. . . . To teach atheism camouflaged under the name of science or scientific research is a fraudulent and deceptive counterfeit. There is no conflict between the Bible and true science, but there is a terrible conflict between the Bible and false evolution. . . . Why should the people be compelled to pay taxes to support schools to have their own children's faith in God shattered and Christian lives destroyed, and a foundation laid for the future disintegration of our nation, departing from the fundamental principles of justice and righteousness set forth in the Bible on which our forefathers founded this nation?

Mr. Thorpe, with some of his followers, in July, 1924, petitioned the California State Board of Public Instruction to throw out from the public schools and State-supported colleges all textbooks implying or teaching the theory of evolution. Did the board politely tell Mr. Thorpe to go back where he came from? It did not. It held hearing after hearing, with modernist clergymen as the only friends of evolution invited to oppose the fundamentalists, and it finally side-stepped the issue by referring the question to a committee made up of the presidents of nine California colleges, with Dr. W. W. Campbell, president of the University of California and world-renowned astronomer, as its chairman. Of the nine colleges concerned, six are under denominational control.

However, the committee reported adversely to Mr. Thorpe. But a final hearing of the board is still to be held, at which the report will be considered together with briefs from the fundamentalists and an opposing brief by the Science League of America. Should the board decide to retain the textbooks on evolution, Mr. Nichol, editor of the *Signs of the Times*, announces that the next move will be to place an initiative petition on the State ballot in 1926, leaving it to the voters to say whether or not evolution shall be taught in the schools and colleges of the State. There is small question as to the ability of the fundamentalists to secure enough signatures to qualify such a petition. They have already, in fact, qualified for another measure, to be submitted in 1926, providing for the reading of the King

The nation-wide drive against the teaching of evolution breaks out in newspaper dispatches day after day. Here is one day's grist:

ARREST EVOLUTION TEACHER

Tennessee Authorities Start Test Case Under New Law

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 6 (A. P.).—A Dayton, Tenn., dispatch to the *Banner* says that J. T. Scopes, science teacher in Rhea High School, was arrested yesterday on a charge of violating the new Tennessee law prohibiting the teaching of evolution in the State public schools.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., May 6.—Teaching evolution in the schools of Florida would be unlawful under provisions of a bill introduced in the House today. Any teacher found guilty of violating the provisions of the act would be disqualified to teach in the schools of Florida.

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James's version of the Bible in all California schools. And if the anti-evolution measure passes—as the enormous fundamentalist strength in southern California may well make possible—not only will the high-school students of the State grow up in ignorance of modern evolutionary science, with all this implies, but the splendid scientific work of the tax-supported University of California will be ruined or seriously curtailed.

Such is the method of foisting medievalism on the Benighted States of America. In Oklahoma for more than two years it has been impossible to teach the evolution theory in the public schools. Tennessee has just passed a similar law. In Florida the legislature passed a resolution advising school boards or trustees not to employ any instructor who taught Darwinism, and a bill has been introduced making such instruction unlawful. In Texas the board of regents of the State University has ordained that "no infidel, atheist, or agnostic shall be employed in any capacity in the University of Texas. . . . No person who does not believe in God as the Supreme Being and the Ruler of the Universe shall hereafter be employed." Although there are, of course, many evolutionists who are atheists, a teacher of scientific evolution would have hard sledding under the interpretations of such a rule. In Kentucky and Texas the lower house of the legislature passed anti-evolution bills, but the upper house failed to carry the measure—in Kentucky by the perilous margin of one vote. The Baptists of Kentucky have voted to give no money to any school teaching evolution. The North Carolina board of education will not employ teachers who believe in evolution. Bills are pending or about to be presented in Mississippi, Georgia, West Virginia, Arkansas, Iowa, Illinois, North Dakota, Minnesota, Oregon, and Arizona.

Throughout the entire South and Southwest fundamentalist and anti-evolutionist feeling is very strong. The Georgia Legislature recently held up an appropriation for maintenance of a State library on the avowed ground that books on evolution might be found there. Dr. Henry Fox, professor of biology at Mercer University, Macon, Georgia, was forced to resign last October because he was a believer in and taught the theory of evolution. Persecution of university professors on this ground dates in America from the eighties, when Alexander Winchell, the geologist, was dropped from his post at Vanderbilt University because of his acceptance of modern geological theories of the chronology of the earth.

The situation in Tennessee is acute and interesting. Eagerly, fervently, with much outpouring of eloquence, the legislature has decreed that any teacher in any school or college supported in whole or in part by State funds who shall teach "any theory that denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible, and teaches instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals," shall be subject to a fine of $100. A proposed amendment to the bill which would have restored to the earth the flatness it possessed in the days of Joshua was ruled out of order. This law was enacted without a single protest from the men in charge of the State's educational institutions. Schoolmen protested against it—and some of Tennessee's leading churchmen, it is good to say—but the State Department of Education was dumb, and there was never a word of protest from the State University.

Side by side with the effort to prohibit the teaching of evolution goes the parallel movement to teach the creation story of the Book of Genesis; this is usually disguised as the reading of the Bible in the public schools. I myself grew up in a State where the Bible was read to the school children every morning, and heavy emphasis was laid on Genesis.

At present, Bible reading in the public schools is required by law in Alabama, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Georgia, and Massachusetts; it is specifically permitted by law in Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, and New York City; in all the other States *except* Arizona, Illinois, Louisiana (by Roman Catholic influence), Minnesota, Nevada, Washington, and New York State outside of New York City (with doubtful interpretations in Idaho, Wisconsin, and Wyoming), it is tacitly permitted; and in nearly all such States it actually is read.

Recently Congress was surveyed by the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Washington, D. C. It appears that of 435 members of the House, 90 are Methodists, 63 Presbyterians, 48 Baptists, and 21 Christian Disciples—all sects which, while including liberal and modernist elements, are largely fundamentalist. In the Senate a similar proportion is maintained. Thirty-five Representatives and ten Senators announced themselves as without church affiliation.

Against the powerfully organized and subsidized fundamentalist groups are ranged two active bodies of protest—the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the Science League of America. The former has appointed a committee which adopted resolutions condemning the fundamentalist attacks on science and reaffirming the faith of scientists in the theory of evolution; but it has to date done nothing more. One of its prominent members, a well-known New York biologist, wrote recently in a private letter that his publishers had requested him in future to omit the word "evolution" from all his textbooks on biology, as there were so many protests from the South.

The other anti-fundamentalist group, the Science League of America, was founded in August, 1924, in San Francisco, for the specific purpose of opposing attacks on the teaching of evolution and for the defense of scientific freedom. It was at first the single creation of Mr. Maynard Shipley, a lecturer and writer on general science, who was aroused by the menacing situation, and, after vain endeavors to secure action by established bodies, determined to throw himself into the breach. Although the league is still young and weak, it is already doing good work, and is growing rapidly.

If the fundamentalist movement swamps the country, and in spite of all opposition we are set back twelve centuries or so, there may yet be hope in emigration to Brazil. According to a recent dispatch, strange things are stirring in the Brazilian soul. As evidence there is the story of St. Anthony of Padua. In 1625, it seems, a Brazilian regiment was placed by the Portuguese Viceroy of Brazil under the saint's protection. Anthony was thereupon given the title of colonel, and his salary was regularly paid to the Little Sisters of the Poor. But now God and His ministers have fallen on evil and economical times. After conference between the Minister of War and the Prime Minister, the following communication was issued last October:

"Colonel Saint Anthony of Padua of the —th Regiment, having completed three centuries of service, is now gazetted general and placed on the retired list."

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Paris Regained

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, April 9

AFTER seven years of involuntary exile I find myself once more in Paris, which was my home from 1906 to 1918. I have often wondered whether it would not perhaps be a mistake to begin over again the life that M. Clemenceau abruptly terminated. On that point I am reassured. I feel as much at home here as though I had been away for a week, and I know now that France is the only country where I ever shall or ever can feel quite at home. The failings of the French are perhaps more exasperating than those of any other people, yet there is something about them that draws me to them instinctively. They possess to an exceptional degree that indefinable quality—charm.

The methods of the French administration are the same as they were in the Year 1 and doubtless will be until the Day of Judgment. That discovery alone makes me feel at home. The fact that the decree of expulsion made against me in May, 1918, had been revoked, which was officially notified to me by the British Foreign Office on November 28 and by the French Ministry of the Interior on December 18, was still unknown to the prefecture of police when I arrived in Paris. I was on the point of being arrested, after I had visited the prefecture, given the required details about my ancestors, supplied the five necessary photographs, and signed my name a dozen times or so to documents that I did not read. Fortunately, somebody at the prefecture telephoned to a lawyer whose name I had given as a reference, and learned that my arrest would be a formidable *gaffe*. It did not occur to any official that, had I returned to France illegally, the prefecture of police would have been the last place I should have visited.

Externally Paris is much the same. The principal change that I notice is in the women, who seem to have become dowdy. They are smarter in Berlin. I was invited to lunch yesterday at the Café de Paris. It was crowded, and there was hardly a well-dressed woman in the place. Perhaps French women have become so serious that they no longer think of clothes; it cannot be want of money, for people with no money cannot lunch at the Café de Paris. Besides, although the French *rentiers* are hard hit—their incomes are, of course, reduced by nearly three-fourths—the other classes of the population seem to be better off than before the war. Naturally, every woman of every age has her hair cut short, but that does not conduce to dowdiness—rather the contrary.

Paris is as full of foreigners as Berlin was until the end of 1923, and, as formerly in Berlin, Russians and Poles predominate. Hatred of foreigners is more rampant and more acute than it ever was in Germany, and exactly the same illusions are prevalent. The Parisian public fondly believes, as the Berlin public used to believe, that the foreigners raise prices, and there are demands for all sorts of special taxation and other vexatious measures. If and when any Government is silly enough to listen to such demands, the foreigners will no doubt leave France, as they have left Germany; the Government will be abused, as it is in Germany, for having driven them away; and, as in Germany, meetings of hotel-keepers and tradesmen will be held to discuss the problem of methods and procedures for bringing them back.

This country is not normal. One need not be here long to realize how disastrous has been the effect of the war on the French people—more so than on any other, in my experience. I am assured by many French people that there is a marked intellectual deterioration. If this be true, it is just what I anticipated during the war. Anatole France, too, anticipated it. He was what the fools called a "defeatist"—in other words, he wanted peace by negotiation, without victory on either side, at the earliest possible moment. We both felt that France could not stand a long war—that she would be "bled white." I am very much afraid that France has been bled white, intellectually and morally. Her losses were far greater than those of any other country, in proportion to the population; and a country cannot lose the flower of its youth without injury. It would seem—although I cannot account for the phenomenon—that it was just among the most promising young men that the losses were heaviest. A young man, who has just passed brilliantly through the Ecole Normale and is an *agrégé* of the university, told me a few days ago that in his immediate circle all the promising young men had been killed. "Only the old and the stupid are left," he said, of course with a certain exaggeration. But I fear that there is something in it.

That French literature is deteriorating is only too evident. Most of the younger writers seem unable even to write French, and there is no group of young men in France to be compared to Kaiser, or Toller, or Fritz von Unruh. I hear on all hands that the art of conversation is disappearing among the younger generation, who are chiefly interested in bridge and dancing. The introduction of bands into the restaurants supports this view. It is not the old or even the elderly, but young men and women of thirty or so, who complain of their contemporaries and the generation younger than themselves.

One has only to read the French papers and look down the list of the performances at the theaters to see to what the French stage has fallen. So far as I can gather there is not a single young dramatist of promise. Half the Parisian theaters put on that depressing form of entertainment now called a revue—the real old French revue of the events of the year was a very different matter, usually witty and amusing. An American friend took me a few days ago to the Folies Bergère. Now, I do not say that the Folies Bergère is a representative Parisian theater; it may be the worst in Paris—I hope so. Still it has a world-wide reputation and might be expected to make some attempt to live up to it. I think that without any exception the revue at the Folies Bergère was the worst entertainment that I have ever had the misfortune to endure. It reached the lowest depth of imbecility, the alleged jokes made one cry, and it was not even a good spectacle. No Berlin theater would dare to put on such a show. My American friend said that he had seen performances in New York as stupid as that of the Folies Bergère, but none so ugly. It is only just to say that the audience, mostly French, appeared as bored as we.

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Whatever may be the truth about intellectual deterioration, there can be no doubt at all that French morale has gone to pieces. Possibly the French were intoxicated with victory soon after the war, but, if they were, they are so no longer. Still less are they bellicose. They seem to have lost their love of military glory and, whatever may be the aims of French diplomacy, the French people have no desire for military hegemony. They are just suffering from shell-shock. Their nerves are on the jump and they are afraid of shadows. That is the danger of the situation, as it appears to me. It would take very little to bring about any sort of panic. These conditions may be only transitory; France may yet recover herself. But when I remember how long the effects of the wars of Napoleon lasted and reflect that the present generation will be the parents of the next, I cannot help feeling uneasy.

One thing I find is not new—total ignorance of every other country. France seems to be surrounded by an intellectual Chinese wall which nothing can permeate. It strikes me more than ever, coming as I do from a country which in that respect is so different. There are many Germans who know little about other countries, but they all want to know about them and are ready to listen to anybody whom they believe able to enlighten them. "Do not leave us," wrote a German friend to me, "we need your sympathy, and still more your criticism." That is a typical German attitude, and it is one of the strongest reasons for confidence in the future of Germany. It shows that the Germans are not really nationalist. Fundamentally they are cosmopolitan, and now that their fetters have to some extent been broken, their cosmopolitanism is reasserting itself. Their demand for knowledge of other countries is supplied by several newspapers with an admirable and objective foreign news service. There are no such papers in France. The few that might like to give a good foreign service cannot afford it. And is there any demand for it? The French are convinced that they know everything about other countries and have nothing to learn. The notions about Germany that exist here would be comic if they were not tragic. The French attribute to the Germans qualities and defects that they do not possess and deny them those that they do possess. The common belief is that the Germans are endowed with superhuman intelligence and machiavellian cunning, that they are a race of bloodthirsty warriors who are happy only on the battlefield, that their waking hours are filled with the desire for revenge and the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, that they are armed to the teeth and would fall on France tomorrow if the French army evacuated the Rhineland. If one attempts to correct these illusions, one provokes at the best a stare of amazed incredulity, at the worst a suspicion that one is in the pay of the German Government.

These things are not, of course, true of every individual in France, but they must, I think, be taken into account in dealing with the French nation. We must be patient with France. We have to deal with an exhausted nation whose nerves are on edge. The task is difficult, it needs tact and patience, but it is far from hopeless. That is one strong reason for hope. Passionately, whole-heartedly, the French desire peace. Once convince them that a way to peace can be found and they will follow it. One of the causes of their present nervous crisis is that they hoped to find a way to peace through the Geneva Protocol, and that hope has been shattered.

A Latin Looks North*

By MANUEL UGARTE

HISTORY shows that administrative predominance is not necessarily the result of a high standard of culture. In Greece, Rome, and France the broadest intellectual development, far from preceding their supremacy, was simultaneous with it or followed it. We cannot say that nations die from too much reasoning. But a plant is strong while it is growing, and beautiful while it is in blossom; and nations, like individuals, have a combative and creative youth, a reflecting and reasoning maturity, and an old age of reminiscence and inaction. In the effort for human progress the youngest groups must always lead. Never has an old man been known to recover his youthful vigor, and there is no record of a race regaining supremacy in the same territory after it has once declined. But it often happens that old civilizations regain their vigor and even surpass their former power when transplanted to other regions.

The discovery of America offered such an opportunity to two ancient currents of thought and action. The Spanish discoverers, the Portuguese navigators, and the French explorers represented the creative power of the South, which is essentially Latin. The English colonists, who settled a century later in regions they had previously visited, were the pioneers of the Northern creative power. And the evolution of these two groups, transplanted under similar conditions, is one of the most significant factors in the history of the world.

What characterizes an energetic nation at the height of its activity is the flexible spirit of adaptation with which it changes its methods and adjusts itself to new situations, drawing new forces from its very being without losing the unity of its nature. What distinguishes a nation that is spent is the obstinate positiveness with which it attempts to apply its own methods, regardless of the latitude or atmosphere in which it operates.

We cannot compare the intrinsic values of the two cultures which established themselves in the New World; but it is plain that Latin culture, essentially theoretical and limited to small groups in vast regions where the population is for the most part illiterate, has been surpassed by Anglo-Saxon culture, more experimental and from the start imbued with a democratic conception of life.

When, as if following a river to its source, we undertake to trace the point of divergence of these two New World groups we are amazed at the ease with which the Anglo-Saxon group, so small at the start, expanded its sphere of action on a continent and in an epoch which seemed to belong to the Latins, while most of the vast terri-

* This is the eighth in a series of articles on the Nordics. Previous articles in the series have appeared as follows: What Is a Race? by Franz Boas, January 28; Brains and the Immigrant, by Melville J. Herskovits, February 11; Let Race Alone, by Edward Sapir, February 25; You Nordics! by Konrad Bercovici, March 18; Our Nordic Myth-Makers, by Hendrik Willem van Loon, April 1; Can There Be a "Human Race"? by Alexander Goldenweiser, April 22; and The Race Myth Crumbles, by Harry Elmer Barnes, May 6. The concluding article of the series will be by Herbert Adolphus Miller.

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tories dominated by Spain, France, and Portugal are falling into chaos or passing under the control of other nations.

To attribute this process to greater diplomatic skill or sagacity would be to admit the superiority of the group which gained the advantage. Everything indicates that in addition to these factors there were collective forces, which we may call order, tactics, foresight, perseverance, initiative, and spirit of persecution, which, applied at the proper moment, resulted in greater efficacy of action. Few of our republics, even after winning their independence and passing through a century of autonomous life, have succeeded in settling the question of national boundaries, in utilizing their sub-soil wealth, or in gaining a clear conception of their destiny, while the United States has utilized its wealth, creating hitherto-unheard-of forms of prosperity.

The portentous progress of the North marks the highest degree which the activity and genius of man has attained anywhere in the world. In New York, Chicago, or San Francisco one is struck dumb with astonishment before a sudden, gigantic achievement which makes one live in the future. The Anglo-Saxons have realized the miracle of a young nation developed by a new civilization. The Latins, with the exception of a few regions at the extreme South, represent young nations bowed under the weight of an ancient civilization.

I have always believed that the men of the South should face the situation squarely, frankly, and courageously. My strongest desire is to see Latin America united, prosperous, and victorious. Whatever it does to lessen its chances of development I feel as a personal sorrow; and with this in mind I have devoted several books to the need of mending our own ways and adopting a common policy of resistance. But this does not imply hatred of nations which, in the exercise of their rights, aspire to become the leaders of humanity, nor does it indicate a false conception of our position in the world, or imply excessive humility.

Superior qualities exist in both groups. But the superior qualities of the Latin civilization have been theoretical, and the superior qualities of the Anglo-Saxon civilization practical. We boast of our tolerance shown to the aborigines after the first excesses of the conquest, as attested by the fact that the Indians, who have almost disappeared in the North, number millions in the South; and we are proud of the ease with which slavery was abolished almost simultaneously with the granting of independence, placing the African on a decent footing in our various states.

Yet, praiseworthy as these steps may be from the point of view of higher morality, they have created situations which hinder the rapid development of the group, leaving us burdened by the dead weight of these masses of population. Superior theories have resulted in inferior material conditions which, combined with a tendency to day-dream, with empiric education, and with the enervation inherited from a civilization which stopped to admire itself at the height of its power, were bound to result in chaos or stagnation. Nevertheless, these masses which cannot be assimilated constitute a guaranty against absorption as long as we keep ourselves in tune with present-day life.

The prosperous regions of Latin America are those which, like Argentina, Chile, Brazil, and Uruguay, have realized that it is not by dwelling on former mistakes and calling dates and names out of the past that we can maintain our chance of survival in the life struggle of nations. Hence the tendency to what we call revisionism in the Latin make-up. Our parent civilization, surcharged as it is with dead ideas that cannot be applied under present conditions, has admirable qualities, but lacks the ready means of expression necessary for meeting the new developments of the world, and the particular needs of America. Nations cannot live on tax receipts. Greatness can be attained more effectively by the plow or by factories than by denunciations or speeches, which, after all, are mere pretexts for blindly following the flimsy illusion of a miracle that will suddenly break down in our favor laws which have been sanctioned by experience.

I have always believed that Latin Europe should be watched carefully in the higher sense of recalling to our scattered republics their common point of departure, the tradition which draws them together—a sort of spinal column for the new organism. Economically Europe can give us today only a continuation of colonialism. As for an international political body it would be an insecure authority at best, and would act only when its own interests were not involved, and when it was not hampered by fear of difficulties with the United States. Now that the war is over we are interested in Europe only as a factor of equilibrium in the commercial balance of power, as a fertile source of immigration, and as an ethnic or mental antecedent in the advance toward the civilization which must spring from its own being.

It would be a serious mistake to believe that we can fulfil our destinies by imitating stagnant civilizations. Not imitation is urgent, but a revival, inspired by the bonds which hold us to the origins we respect, of vitality renewed in the sources of our own inspiration and born of our knowledge, just as the United States has metamorphosed and magnified the Anglo-Saxon civilization which it inherited from England.

Nations do not die intact. They crumble in a continuous process of disintegration; and certain regions of Latin America may already have passed the stage where restoration is possible. They have created unawares conditions favorable to Anglo-Saxon influence, through the determinism of continental gravitation rather than through a deliberate policy. Does this mean that we Latins should bow down before it? Does it mean that the United States should open the flood-gates of its own vitality, and spread over territories ten times more vast than those which caused the downfall of the greatest empires of history?

While Spain and Portugal were diluting themselves, the Anglo-Saxon concentrated his energies. However undisputed their supremacy, however easy their domination, the statesmen of the North have refrained from extending political jurisdiction over the nations which are coming to be materially dependent on them. This perfected and subtle form of colonialism implies a process of impoverishment which is significant in proportion to the size of the territory in which it operates. No nation can take much from another nation without being affected itself. The strength of the conquering power is drained in proportion to the distance which separates it from its base of operation. Through all the ages this has been one of the causes determining the downfall of ruling empires, overwhelmed in some cases by tributary civilizations, or suddenly overthrown by slave revolts, as was the case with Rome.

There is a continental problem—an economic and racial one for the United States, an ideological and emotional one for Latin America—and this problem expresses itself vari-

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ously, according to the ethnic make-up, the geographic situation, the density of population, the degree of culture, and the extent of European immigration of the various Latin countries. In regions of Latin America, particularly in the extreme South, there is beginning to develop spontaneously and autonomously a civilization both similar to and divergent from that of the United States. It was retarded by the manner of the colonization and the early territorial expansion, which actually hindered development. But there has been also a complete transvaluation of values in the South, and this is an important factor in the life of the continent.

Our America has long had much to learn from the United States, and I firmly believe that our evolution will never go quite as far as its has; I am also certain that it can bear fruit and flourish only within the logic of its own antecedents and its own make-up. Anything else would be painting over a reality which would reappear sooner or later, and which would keep on changing underneath until even the painted color itself is changed. There is no force in the world strong enough to transform to the roots the mentality, character, and spirit of eighty million people in such vast regions. And to escape a difficult future, beset with Indias, Irelands, and Egypts, statesmen must avoid the stubborn self-righteousness that always leads to disillusion and conflict.

Over and above the wounds inflicted on it by imperialism the Latin civilization in America has a common interest and an important point of contact with the Anglo-Saxon civilization: the necessity of both to protect themselves, especially in the Pacific, from Asiatic influence or penetration. There are struggles to come between the Oriental and Occidental civilizations, and this possible community of interests has not been sufficiently taken into account as a factor in continental diplomacy. If the Latin Americans have made mistakes, so have the Anglo-Saxons; and the greatest mistake of all was to drive some of the Southern nations, whether through fear or from a desire for revenge, to turn instinctively toward Asia, opening up a dangerous field which may have harmful results for both in the future.

I believe that the Latin civilization will develop in America in spite of all difficulties. In the regions which have been awakened and strengthened by the new spirit it is beginning to stand on its own feet. In weaker regions the United States, acting in accord with higher conceptions, will finally aid in making it possible for the Latin spirit to flourish for the benefit of all.

This is not fantasy. I have spoken without bigotry and without foreign prejudice, dealing objectively even with my own grief for Latin America, in order to present things as they are instead of presenting them as I should like them to be. But in the life of nations, as in the human body, there is, besides the physical part, something spiritual. Nations have something intangible which gives them character and establishes their position in history. And the United States will continue to be an idealistic nation because idealism is inseparable from health and youth. Just as it has changed its material conditions, it will modify its principles. It will try to bring about a situation which will stand the test of time, will realize the latent possibilities in the Latin qualities; you North Americans will realize that a civilization can be really superior, in the opinion of others as well as itself, only when it conciliates all the forces which play a part toward the betterment of the human race.

What Is a Sin in College?

By A. P. BROGAN

PROPHETS offer dogmas and philosophers construct arm-chair theories. Ordinary persons have varying amounts of respect or disrespect for these dogmas and these theories, but usually assume that the real business of living must disregard them. Our leaders of thought denounce the common man for not being more easily led, but politicians and salesmen have no such complaint to make. The trouble is that our thinkers have been ignorant of the attitudes of common men, so the common men have naturally ignored their alleged leaders.

To overcome this fatal separation, it seemed necessary that students of ethics should abandon their introspective, arm-chair theories and study the people they presume to enlighten. As a small step in this direction, a study was made of the moral valuations of students in American colleges. Such studies should not be limited to college students, but the existence of large classes of students in ethics courses offered a desirable beginning. Partial reports about these studies have been published during the past three years in the *International Journal of Ethics*. Those reports were written for professional students of ethics, but the main results are clear and interesting. As Mr. Bertrand Russell referred to these studies in *The Nation* [April 30, 1924], it seems fitting to restate some of the results.

Thinkers of former days drew up lists of "cardinal virtues" and "deadly sins." It would be difficult to say how closely those lists corresponded to dominant popular attitudes of the times. For our present purpose a more observational method must be employed. We must first see what moral topics popular opinion has "on its mind." Then we must study these elements of popular morality. Accordingly students were asked to give lists of the "best practices" and the "worst practices" that they knew. The students seemed to be unable to give any significant list of best practices, whereby hangs another tale. So the study was confined to the bad practices. There happened to be just sixteen of these bad practices which stood out as being mentioned most frequently by the students. The list of sixteen practices, in alphabetical order, is given below.

Cheating	Sabbath-breaking
Dancing	Selfishness
Drinking	Sex Irregularity
Extravagance	Smoking
Gambling	Snobbishness
Gossip	Stealing
Idleness	Swearing
Lying	Vulgar Talk

This list was drawn up by the students without any influence from the teacher. For this first study, the meanings of the practices were left on a purely common-sense basis, with no attempt at accurate definition. Many persons will be surprised or vexed at this list. It includes some items which are not usually regarded as being very objectionable. But it is desirable to include some trivialities, if such they are, in order to have an approximate point of indifference from which to measure up or down. There are many other items which some might desire to include. But this list of sixteen practices represents what is on the minds of these students before they make any study of ethics.

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There were many other practices mentioned, but never by more than a few students for each practice.

This alphabetical list of practices was then given to students with instructions to rank the practices according to comparative badness or "worseness." The students were taken at the very beginning of a course in ethics before any influence could come from teacher or textbook.

It appears that any group of two dozen or more students gives substantially the same ranking that any other such group gives. Below are printed the average rankings given by several hundred men and women at the University of Texas during the years 1919-1921. The rankings are based upon arithmetical averages. Number 1 represents what they think is the worst to do, and so on for the others.

Practices	Rankings by Men	Rankings by Women
Sex Irregularity	1	1
Stealing	2	2
Cheating	3	3
Lying	4	4
Drinking	6	5
Gambling	5	6
Vulgar Talk	7	7
Sabbath-breaking	9	8
Swearing	8	9
Gossip	13	10
Selfishness	10	11
Idleness	11	12
Snobbishness	12	13
Extravagance	14	14
Smoking	15	15
Dancing	16	16

Please notice how similar the men's and the women's rankings are. The only significant difference concerns gossip, about which the women seem to be somewhat more "touchy" than the men. The relation between these two rankings may be expressed in technical terms by saying that the coefficient of correlation is positive .98. In other words, these two rankings contain only 2 per cent of difference. This is an unusually high correlation.

This same test was given to students at the universities of Columbia, Chicago, Kansas, Wisconsin, and Colorado. The rankings in these Northern universities were the same as the rankings at Texas, with the exception of one practice. In the Northern universities sabbath-breaking is placed in the fourteenth or fifteenth rank, as relatively unobjectionable. At Texas it is placed in the eighth or ninth rank. This seems to indicate a sectional difference between the North and the South. Any one who has lived in both places will have little doubt about the actuality of this difference.

With sabbath-breaking omitted, the women at Texas and at Chicago had a correlation of positive .99. So we may say that except for the religious or ecclesiastical difference about sabbath-breaking, the students in typical American universities have almost identical moral valuations.

The practice of murder was not mentioned in the lists often enough to be included in the final list. One young woman put murder in the list for her home town, but crossed it off with the explanation: "Hardly a practice in my town." So Mr. Bertrand Russell was hardly justified in saying that my figures showed that American students thought sex irregularity worse than murder. I suspect the case is otherwise, but of course the method for settling such a question is the collection of facts. Another statement made some time ago by Mr. Russell was that American students thought sabbath-breaking worse than stealing. I have never found any group for whom this would be true. Stealing is almost always next to the top or worst. Sabbath-breaking is placed either in the middle or at the bottom of the list.

These inaccuracies in the details of Mr. Russell's quotations from my article might not affect the correctness of his low opinion of the moral valuations of American students. One might despise these valuations no matter what they are. My own attitude might be expressed in the words of Spinoza, "not to ridicule, lament, or despise, but to understand." After we have understood and described the different types of popular attitudes, we can explain and interpret them. Perhaps in some ways we can even improve these popular attitudes, but only on the condition that we can have factual knowledge about them.

In the Driftway

AN advertisement in the newspapers has almost changed the course of the Drifter's life. He had thought of himself as one who would never alter his profession, who would be content with merely drifting for the balance of his days. But when he had finished reading the following he was not so sure:

Two Radio Announcers Wanted

There is a thrill and fascination in this new work.

But a man has to have many qualifications.

He must have a resonant voice; educational background; imagination; with broad acquaintanceship or a readiness to translate an idea into action.

He must play some musical instrument or be able to sing when an unforeseen gap occurs in a program.

He must have tact—and a sense of propriety.

The men we want need not have been radio announcers—but they must have wished to be one.

The hours are frequently long—but it's great fun to be a pioneer in an ART.

The compensation is moderate—a man has to demonstrate his value.

One of the men we want MUST be a capable accompanist at the piano.

* * * * * *

OBSERVE the qualifications: tact, propriety, education, wit, inventiveness. The Drifter feels that he would not be lacking in any of these. A resonant voice: he is not so sure about the resonance, but the waitress in his favorite restaurant always hears his order above all others, and a telephone operator once asked him not to speak so loudly. His singing voice is not quite so resonant, but no doubt, judging from such voices as he has heard on the radio, it would do. His piano playing, to be sure, is limited, but he could leave that to the other announcer, since only one need qualify. For years he has had to accustom himself to long hours. Drifting from sunrise to dark is enough to harden anyone. And moderate compensation has unfortunately dogged his footsteps all his life. What then is the difficulty? Why does he not apply immediately for the position, and spend the next few years as a pioneer in an ART? The reason is simple, so simple that his readers have doubtless guessed it already. He has never, never, never to a thousand

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nevers, in any moment of aberration or otherwise, by day or night, on land or sea, asleep or awake, wished to be a radio announcer.

* * * * * *

THE Drifter's aversion to the radio is probably illogical and overdone. There is certainly no reason why persons who wish to do it should not spend their evenings turning knobs and talking of tubes, bulbs, wires, buttons, neutrodyne, super-neutrodyne, and super-hetero-neutrodyne. If the alternative is going to the movies or listening to the music of a victrola, then there is not much to choose. By this time, it will be evident to the Drifter's readers that age, crotchetiness, and perhaps dyspepsia have overcome him. The truth is that the Drifter's favorite evening sport is conversation. There are few persons really competent to take part in this fascinating game, but those who cannot play can listen. No equipment is necessary; the game can be played anywhere, by any number of persons—the fewer the better. No modern machinery is brought into play, however large, intricate, or marvelous. Participants need neither sing nor play a musical instrument; if the hours are long, the compensation is enormous. Only the ancient action of ideas on ideas, of speech on thought, of knowledge, lucidity, and laughter on the human spirit is employed. The Drifter advises those friends of his who now are occupied with the radio to try his game sometime. They may, with him, find it the most completely satisfying of sports; they may be bored to extinction. In the latter case, they may turn back to their knobs in perfect content.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Louis Fischer and His Critics

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been called to your issue of March 4, containing an article by Louis Fischer on Political Prisoners Under Bolshevism.

Mr. Fischer's all too obvious object is to create the impression that, while in Russia, Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman were not particularly interested in persecuted politicals, but that now, being disillusioned, they use that persecution as "a weapon for an open struggle against Russia."

And here is how Mr. Fischer supports his thesis:

> Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman went on a special train to make propaganda for the Bolsheviks in the Ukraine. Now, in 1920 and 1921, when they were in Russia, more political prisoners crowded the jails than today, and they were worse treated. Berkman and Goldman knew these things. . . . Nevertheless they found it possible to support the Communists and to lend themselves to winning anarchist converts to the Bolshevik cause.

Mr. Fischer knows very well that Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman *never* went to the Ukraine to make propaganda for the Bolsheviks. Nor did they travel in a special train. It is a matter of record that Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman were commissioned by the Petrograd Museum of the Revolution—a *non-political, non-partisan* organization—to collect material on the history of the revolutionary movement and on the revolution. Together with the other members of the commission they traveled in a car put at the disposal of the museum by the railroad commissariat—*not* in a special train. The fact is that Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman accepted that particular work, out of many far more important positions offered them by the Bolsheviki, *because*—radically disagreeing with certain policies and methods of the Communists—they could not conscientiously cooperate with them in partisan activity.

Mr. Fischer says that "in 1920 and 1921 . . . political prisoners crowded the jails," and that "Goldman and Berkman knew these things"—leaving the impression that they were indifferent in the matter and did nothing about it. Lenin, Trotzky, Zinoviev, Lunacharsky, Kursky (People's Commissar for Justice), et al. could, if they would, tell a different story. For to all and each of them Goldman and Berkman *repeatedly* appeared in behalf of the imprisoned revolutionists, even making a different policy toward the latter a condition of their own cooperation with the Bolsheviki.

We arrived in Petrograd January 19, 1920. The very next day began our protest against stupid political persecution. For we found out that the non-Communist members of the Buford group had been ordered under guard by the Cheka, because there were three non-politicals in the group, deported by the American Government as common criminals. Zorin, secretary of the Petrograd Committee of the Party, saw the justice of our protest and ordered the release of all the revolutionists that came on the Buford even if they were not Communists.

A few weeks later I came to Moscow. Learned there that a number of Anarchists were being held in the Butyrki and other Moscow prisons. Together with Rogdayev and Askarev, Russian Anarchists of twenty years' standing, I visited Krestinsky, then secretary of the Communist Party, and later made repeated visits to Chicherin, Karakhan, Lenin, Lunacharsky, Zinoviev, and others. With every one of them the matter of political persecution was discussed, pleas made for the release of revolutionists, practical plans submitted, among others, in person and in writing to Lenin.

Accompanying the (first) English mission from Petrograd to Moscow, as their unofficial interpreter (May, 1920), I found upon my arrival in the capital that forty-five Anarchists were on a hunger-strike in the Butyrki Prison, their demand being that charges be brought against them or that they be liberated. On the fifth day of the strike the other politicals in the prison, numbering several hundred persons, joined the strike. It was then, on May 25, that I appealed to Prebrazhensky, then secretary of the Communist Party, in behalf of the politicals imprisoned without hearing or trial. My diary under that date (May 25) reports: "Their demand for an examination is legal," Prebrazhensky said, "but they can't change our policy by starving themselves. And if they should all die," he added, thoughtfully, "it would perhaps be for the best."

Entirely well disposed toward the Bolsheviki, as I was durthe first year of my stay in Russia, and anxious to aid in constructive revolutionary work, I sought every opportunity to convince the Communist leaders that a policy of revolutionary tolerance and an ethical attitude toward their political opponents from the Left would serve the revolution far better than persecution. Even after my final and open break with the Bolsheviki, after the Kronstadt blood bath, I still strove to help change their policy toward the imprisoned revolutionists. I was a member of the Committee of Delegates (during the first Red Trade Union Congress, July, 1921) that took part in the conference with the representatives of the Soviet Government, the Communist Party, and the All-Russian Cheka in regard to the Taganka hunger-strike. Our conferences lasted almost two weeks and resulted in the termination of the strike and permission to the Anarchists imprisoned in the Taganka to go abroad.

The fact is that *all the time* during their stay in Russia, from the first day to the last, both Goldman and Berkman exerted themselves to the utmost to persuade the Bolsheviki to change their policy toward their revolutionary political opponents who demanded only the right to carry on educational work. But their efforts in this direction were in vain. Finally realizing it, and finding mutual work with the Bolsheviki impossible after the Kronstadt events, they decided to leave Russia to appeal to the awakening conscience of the laboring masses in protest against Bolshevik tyranny and persecution.

Berlin, March 18 ALEXANDER BERKMAN

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Berkman takes great pains to prove that he protested against the political persecutions of the Bolsheviks. He did. I never tried to give the impression that he did not. But the fact that in a thousand and one ways he worked for the revolution while protesting only supports the point I made, which was that though he knew of the persecutions he worked with the Soviets, and then when after Kronstadt he grew disillusioned these persecutions became a weapon with which to attack the Soviets.

I saw for the first time today *The Nation* of March 11, in which Henry G. Alsberg's letter appears. It is endlessly naive of Mr. Alsberg to say that there was in the Russia of 1920 a non-partisan organization. The Museum of the Revolution was housed in a state building; the train on which Berkman and Goldman went was of course given them by the state. "To collect historical material," says Mr. Alsberg. Was it necessary for this purpose to go into the very war zone; in Ukraine? The fact is that at that time Machno, the anarchist, was active in the region into which the train went. The Bolsheviks therefore sent Berkman and Goldman into the territory in order to show that these world-famous anarchists were with the Soviets.

And surely Berkman, at least, is intelligent enough to understand that when the future of the Red regime hung on a hair which might have been cut by some counter-revolutionary army the Communists did not care whether he collected a few papers or not. They wanted him to help bolster up the morale of the Ukrainian population. This he and Miss Goldman did. What difference does it make whether Miss Goldman went as an observer or as member? To those who were to be propagandized the distinction was unknown.

Will you please permit me to reply to the letters of B. C. Vladeck and F. A. Mackenzie in *The Nation* of March 18? Mr. Vladeck is one of the editors of the daily paper which brought Abramovich, the well-known Menshevik, to the United States. Abramovich's permanent home is Berlin, the capital of the German republic. In this German republic there are, according to several reliable English correspondents, among them Robert Dell, 7,000 political prisoners, most of whom are Communists. In this German republic, too, the Social Democratic Party, with which Abramovich works hand in glove, is the most powerful party.

Does Abramovich in his speeches in America point out that Russia with so many enemies within and without, after having passed through a real revolution and several civil wars, has fewer political prisoners than Germany? I doubt it. Soviet Russia has 4,500 politicals.

Mr. Vladeck asks you to inform him "Why should they [the political prisoners] have to be sentenced to serve in prison if they could be held there at the will of the G. P. U.?" The answer is that they are not held in prison at the will of the G. P. U. They are held in prison only when they are first publicly tried.

He asks: "What difference does it make to a prisoner if he is incarcerated as a result of a trial or by administrative order?" The answer is that when they are incarcerated as a result of a trial they remain within the walls of a prison; when they are "incarcerated" by administrative order they are in many cases free people living as they please except that they must report to the police at certain intervals.

Mr. Mackenzie scores a point when he intimates that priests, bishops, etc., might be treated as politicals. Some people may disagree. Yet priests in prison are often treated much better than politicals. Was not Archbishop Zepliak sentenced to ten years in 1923? Recently he was in Rome, amnestied after about a year's imprisonment. Incidentally no one ever mentions the many amnesties pronounced by the Soviet Government.

As to Mr. Mackenzie's third point I can simply weigh his word against that of the necessarily unnamed foreign ambassador who said to me that nobody was arrested for making visits to foreign embassies or missions. I know of no case to indicate the contrary. The visit of Mr. Mackenzie's "distinguished political economist" may not have been purely social. Such things have happened before.

Mr. Mackenzie is correct in saying that Peshkova's committee cannot make "public appeals for funds." But it collects money from prominent Communists, obtains food and materials from government institutions, and arranged a concert even in Bolshoi (Grand) Theater.

Mr. Mackenzie, finally, maintains that Solovetsky is separated from the mainland for more than five months. This is not so. And even during the five "ice" months letters and even newspapers are carried to the island on small boats.

To pass now from these letters to the general subject, I do believe that many persons are honestly pained by the knowledge that persons are imprisoned for political reasons. In the first place, they should remember that not all the prisoners in Russia are incarcerated for opinions; many are in prison for acts, very violent acts. In the second place, they should not permit themselves to be used by persons whose interest in the prisoners is very secondary to their desire to blacken Soviet Russia.

Berlin, April 9 LOUIS FISCHER

Another Appeal from Nova Scotia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Could I please point out to you the appalling conditions existing here? The Committee is caring for over 500 families (over 2,500 persons), but is able to supply only the bare necessaries of life. Milk and eggs are considered luxuries. The strike which is now in its ninth week is not the only cause of so much destitution; the bad times of the last two years have drained the miners of what little money they previously had in reserve.

This committee is not taking sides in the labor dispute. Our only aim is to feed and clothe the semi-starved men, women, and children. There are a number of expectant mothers who are unable to provide the necessary clothing for the little one. Perhaps some of your readers would subscribe a little to assist us.

Stellarton, Nova Scotia, May 2 FRED C. CILLINGWATER,
Secretary, Citizens' Central Relief Committee

A Prize for College Students

SIR: The Students' Council of the National Woman's Party is offering a prize of $100 for the best essay written by a college student on the subject Equal Rights for Men and Women. The prize will be given by Mrs. William Kent of California.

The essays are to be between 3,000 and 5,000 words, and must be sent to the Students' Council, National Woman's Party headquarters, not later than June 15, 1925. The winner will be announced at the October conference of the Students' Council, and the winning essay will be published.

Washington, D. C., April 1 MARY VAN CASTEEL,
Chairman, Students' Council,
National Woman's Party

Unjust Postal Rates

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to thank you for the honest, courageous article in the April 29 number of *The Nation* exposing the great injustice of the new postal rates to the great mass of the American people. Big business certainly has shouldered the burden upon the backs of the unorganized and to a great extent the unthinking mass of people, but of course the people are partly to blame themselves for the apathy or, in other words, the laziness of their thinking or reasoning powers.

Indianapolis, Indiana, April 29 B. T.

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Books, Art, and Plays

New England

By WILBERT SNOW

Inside, gray smoke curls up,
Outside, white flakes troll down
Against bare maple trees
In an old New England town.

Earth lags securely sealed
To any tropic gust,
Like a plain New England heart
Indifferent to lust.

Nestled in little hills
A waning breed of men
Birth-date their headstones—
What is left then?

First Glance

GEORGE M. COHAN'S "Twenty Years on Broadway, and the Years It Took to Get There" (Harper: $3) goes with a bang. I am sure it was written in a hurry, for Mr. Cohan is not the kind of man to tear his hair over problems of style; his playwriting has usually been done at rehearsals while the actors were waiting for their parts, and once when he was asked on what lines he usually constructed his dramas he claims to have replied: "Mostly on the Pennsylvania and New York Central." "No, sir. The real answer is work, work, and lots of it—and plenty of speed, too, kid. Don't forget the speed." Speed is perhaps the only quality which this autobiography can boast. It is frank, of course. Yet the achievement about which it is so frank is bound to pass into an early oblivion. And if it is amusing now it hardly will amuse a generation which has forgotten the Irish song-and-dance man who before he was forty-six wrote 31 plays and 500 popular songs, managed 128 theatrical productions, and as an actor gave 3,471 performances before large audiences. For the future historian of our manners it will be a document of some importance bearing upon the show business during a certain quarter-century. For us now it is chiefly interesting as the story of an attractive, brash American who, discovering very early what he wanted to do and never in the least dreaming that there was anything else to do, did it with a furious and comical energy which in itself is characteristic of the age. No one ever had more self-assurance than this Peck's Bad Boy of the Cohan Four who began to scribble "parodies and patter" at fifteen, who danced and sang and acted his way into fame despite a hundred rebuffs, who struggled to New York from the provinces and conquered Union Square, and who at last found most of Broadway stretched like a triumphal carpet before his eccentric feet. And no one ever entertained less doubt that immortality is made of just such stuff.

Irving Berlin is a full ten years younger than Mr. Cohan, but his life already shapes into romance. Alexander Woollcott's "The Story of Irving Berlin" (Putnam's: $2.50) celebrates that life with not a little skill. As a busker along the Bowery, and then as a singing waiter at Nigger Mike's saloon in Chinatown, the boy Izzy Baline had for his hero, it seems, no less a writer of songs than George M. Cohan. When later he graduated to Jimmy Kelly's saloon in Union Square and began—as Irving Berlin—to write the words for songs published by Ted Snyder, and when in 1911 he burst upon the world with "Alexander's Ragtime Band," he therefore was in a position to be thrilled by Mr. Cohan's "You're there, kid, you're there!" Within a few weeks followed three other incredible hits, "That Mysterious Rag," "The Ragtime Violin," and "Everybody's Doing It"; and thereafter Irving Berlin was to let no season pass without at least one riotous success like "My Wife's Gone to the Country," "This Is the Life," "In my Harem," "Sadie Salome, Go Home," "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," or "When the Midnight Choo Choo Leaves for Alabam'." Now, as head of Irving Berlin, Inc., and director of the Music Box, he rules his profession wholly; and it is time perhaps to consider just what kind of musician he is. Mr. Woollcott wisely refrains from exalting him, as some do, to the ranks of the masters who have profoundly understood their intricate art; he prefers to place him somewhere near the head of the composers of folk songs. This is probably right—though one wonders incidentally at the parallel which Mr. Woollcott suggests between his hero and Homer, who he supposes was unable to read or write; and one is considerably annoyed by his sentimental insistence that back of Mr. Berlin are "generations of wailing cantors to tinge all his work with an enjoyable melancholy." Mr. Woollcott is probably not too cynical when in a different context he hints that "somewhere within him the voice of the publisher also whispers reassuringly that sadness is rather apt to sell better than gaiety in the song market."

MARK VAN DOREN

Race and Character

The Character of Races. By Ellsworth Huntington. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

FEW of the anthropological books which have followed the war vie in interest with this one. It is a work with a thesis, and it is characterized by sweep of thought and by dramatic actuality of idea. The entire range of man's life on the earth is envisaged, roundly and with concern for the essentials. The latter are, in principle, three: first, "sudden mutations, or possibly small but progressive deviations from the standard type in a definite direction; second, racial mixture; and third, natural selection"—these from the strictly biological angle. From the physical angle there are the two great environmental factors, the gift of nature and the social transmission of culture. What is interesting in this catalogue of principles is not any novelty of elements but the fact that Mr. Huntington frankly and frequently recognizes mutation (one might as well call it creation) as a vital and real factor in our destinies, and a factor for which as yet he sees no basis of prophecy. There is no smug juggling with a wooden "heredity" and an equally wooden "environment." Of course Mr. Huntington's book is directly concerned with heredity and environment; these, he says, are the factors about which something is known. But he takes pains to analyze them into constituents, recognizing in each term its complexity. If there is any quarrel to make with his terminology it is with his too catholic employment of "natural selection"; even the admired type of beauty in women is a matter of moral selection, in that it is created by the conscious tradition of a human group; and most of those factors which instil greatness into human history are the direct outcome of moral selection.

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Mr. Huntington seems to illustrate his own shortcoming with respect to this moral element in his analysis of Chinese culture, to which he devotes four exceedingly interesting chapters. Thus he cites the sale of younger daughters in times of famine as evidence of the innate selfishness of the Chinese, whereas it seems to be but the direct outcome of Chinese morals. With us, in the face of present death the code of honor demands that we save the female members of a group first, beginning with the children; with the Chinese the demand is that all sacrifice themselves to the grandmother, and the grandfather and the mother follow next in order. It is the moral rule of filial piety, and it may call for every sacrifice, even to the son rendering his own flesh for the support of his parent's life. Probably this same difference in attitude explains many differences between Oriental and Occidental culture. Chinese conservatism is mainly pious preservation of the wisdom of the ancients; our progressivism goes hand in hand with a concerted skepticism concerning the benefits of tradition.

One should add that Mr. Huntington gives less than due credit to the Chinese race, and rather more than their due to the northerners, Mongols and Manchus, who have invaded China. The periods of Chinese history in which northern China has been ruled by foreigners have been regarded by Chinese historians themselves as the culturally "dark" ages, and in that very south where today Mr. Huntington finds a more lively intelligence native rulers frequently held sway while the north and west lapsed under foreign conquest. Certainly Chinese historians would take exception to the statement that "most of the Chinese dynasties have been either genuine foreigners or else of mingled Tartar-Chinese stock"; and it is worthy of note that the real organization of China, under the Manchu Chings, was owing to the ability of a Chinese, Hung Tsung-chu. Nor is it possible to share the author's admiration for the late Empress Dowager, who was a thorough reactionary, bringing the evils of the Boxer uprising upon her country and expending upon the Yee Ho Garden the ten million raised for national defense after the humiliation by Japan.

Finally, the method employed for gauging the relative intelligence of the provinces of China is certainly faulty; and since it is in essence the same method later employed for Europe and America it deserves some comment. From lists of officials and men of eminence born within given regions within a set period Mr. Huntington makes his general estimates of racial endowment. The results are interesting and valuable within restricted limits. For China he gives a map showing the percentage in 1910 of holders of high literary degrees among the native officials per ten million of inhabitants. The southern half of the empire, which is presumably the most purely Chinese, shows from double to five times the rate exhibited by the north. There are, however, two pronounced exceptions: Chihli, in which is the national capital, is a northern province and ranks second only to Chekiang and Kiangsu on the eastern coast; while Kiangsu, although southern, is barely above the provinces bordering on Tibet and Mongolia.

Mr. Huntington explains the high place of Chihli as due to the unusual gifts of the Manchus, as well as to the fact that the national capital naturally draws able families, and he gives emphasis to Manchu attainments in the old Chinese literary examinations which "required an unusual power of concentration, unusual determination, and many other high mental qualities. If the Manchus had not possessed those qualities in considerable measure we should scarcely find large numbers of them holding high Chinese literary degrees. Yet in 1910, at the end of the old regime, among 410 major officials who held such degrees, 50 are recorded as Manchus and 3 as members of the Imperial clan." On their face these figures seem conclusive, but their significance vanishes when we take into account the facts that the Manchus had their own special schools, under Imperial favor; that they were not expected to compete with Chinese for the first three degrees; and that a certain percentage of official positions was accorded to them because of race, including educational as well as civil offices. As Williams says, Mongols and Manchus were favored at the expense of the Chinese; "the large proportion of men belonging to these races filling high offices indicated who were the rulers of the land."

On the other hand, the low position in official affairs of Kiangsi takes on another color when its high rank in internal commerce is considered. There is a Chinese saying, "No town without its Kiangsi," meaning that the merchant guilds of the men of this province are found everywhere throughout the interior; and it is in this strongly Chinese province, always the center of the finest pottery art in China, that the most notable Ching pottery was produced. Of course there is in all this no proof that the south is racially superior to the north. The south is the wealthier, while in the north floods and famine, as Mr. Huntington shows, are the great scourges. Perhaps the most that his map indicates is the value of coastline, though there still remains the interesting fact that the interior provinces of Kweichow and Hunan form an extraordinarily favored region, and that the latter province in particular, both in the classical Chinese literature and in recent political and social movements, has given birth to many and striking leaders.

The example of China is taken with some detail because it illustrates the shortcomings of a method which is applied also to the more complex cultures of Europe and America. The reviewer's plea in this connection is for a healthy caution. It is too easy to surrender to plausible inferences, both as to the heights, let us say, of Icelandic intelligence and as to the dangers of sudden degeneration here in America. America, thinks Mr. Huntington, is already slipping; its danger is real and great, and it is only by concerted control of the population that we can insure a reversal of direction. For this, the "conscious control of natural selection may perhaps be nature's own next method." Here we are falling back into the pious jargon of the biosociologist, but the problem which the author has in mind is real enough, even after we have made allowances for the speciousness of statistics. Civilization is in peril; it is always in peril; and its perils constitute our moral problems.

H. B. ALEXANDER

Fitzgerald on the March

The Great Gatsby. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

WHAT will be the future of F. Scott Fitzgerald? This query has been futilely repeated whenever a new book from his pen has appeared, since the initial interrogation which greeted the publication of that sophomoric masterpiece, "This Side of Paradise." It will be asked more earnestly than before by prescient readers of "The Great Gatsby," who will recognize therein a quality which has only recently made its debut in the writings of this brilliant young author, the quality vaguely referred to as mysticism. Moreover this is a fine yarn, exhilaratingly spun.

Mr. Fitzgerald is a born story-teller; his words, phrases, and sentences carry the eye easily through to the end of his books. Further, his work is imbued with that rare and beneficent essence we hail as charm. He is by no means lacking in power, as several passages in the current opus abundantly testify, and he commands a quite uncanny gift for hitting off character or presenting a concept in a striking and memorable manner. The writer he most resembles, curiously enough, despite the dissimilarity in their choice of material and point of attack, is Booth Tarkington, but there exists at present in the work of Mr. Fitzgerald a potential brutality, a stark sense of

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reality, set off in his case by an ironic polish, that suggests a comparison with the Frank Norris of "Vandover and the Brute," or "McTeague."

Up to date, Mr. Fitzgerald has occupied himself almost exclusively with the aspects and operations of the coeval flapper and cake-eater. No one else, perhaps, has delineated these mundane creatures quite as skilfully as he, and his achievement in this direction has been awarded authoritative recognition. He controls, moreover, the necessary magic to make his most vapid and rotterish characters interesting and even, on occasion, charming, in spite of (or possibly because of) the fact that they are almost invariably presented in advanced stages of intoxication. More cocktails and champagne are consumed in the novels of Scott Fitzgerald than a toper like Paul Verlaine could drink in a lifetime. "The Beautiful and Damned," indeed, is an epic of inebriation beside which "l'Assommoir" fades into Victorian insipidity.

In "The Great Gatsby" there are several of Mr. Fitzgerald's typical flappers who behave in the manner he has conceived as typical of contemporary flapperdom. There is again a gargantuan drinking-party, conceived in a rowdy, hilarious, and highly titillating spirit. There is also, in this novel, as I have indicated above, something else. There is the character of Jay Gatsby.

This character, and the theme of the book in general, would have appealed to Henry James. In fact, it did appeal to Henry James. In one way or another this motif is woven into the tapestry of a score or more of his stories. In Daisy Miller you may find it complete. It is the theme of a soiled or rather cheap personality transfigured and rendered pathetically appealing through the possession of a passionate idealism. Although the comparison may be still further stressed, owing to the fact that Mr. Fitzgerald has chosen, as James so frequently chose, to see his story through the eyes of a spectator, it will be readily apparent that what he has done he has done in his own way, and that seems to me, in this instance, to be a particularly good way. The figure of Jay Gatsby, who invented an entirely fictitious career for himself out of material derived from inferior romances, emerges life-sized and lifelike. His doglike fidelity not only to his ideal but to his fictions, his incredibly cheap and curiously imitative imagination, awaken for him not only our interest and suffrage, but also a certain liking, as they awaken it in the narrator, Nick Carraway.

When I read Absolution in the *American Mercury* I realized that there were many potential qualities inherent in Scott Fitzgerald which hitherto had not been too apparent. "The Great Gatsby" confirms this earlier impression. What Mr. Fitzgerald may do in the future, therefore, I am convinced, depends to an embarrassing extent on the nature of his own ambitions.

CARL VAN VECHTEN

Master Misery

Viennese Medley. By Edith O'Shaughnessy. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $2.

THE tragic life of hungry post-war Vienna, condensed into the story of Aunt Ilde and her nieces and nephews, is the theme of this book. It is the muffled outcry of a frail old lady, a sweet product of pre-war Vienna's balmy atmosphere, whom a Walpurgis storm, sweeping over this town of music, caught in its eddy, wrested from her comfortable home, and threw on the hard sofa of a miserable alcove room. Aunt Ilde, whose career had been devoted to loving the children of three other women, looks at life's capricious freaks in breathless amazement. Misery and the quicker pulse necessitated by a more intensive struggle for existence have transformed all those around her into beings who are different from their former selves. She cannot comprehend them, and yet she loves them.

Appropriately to the theme and to the genius of the place were this low-toned tragedy is enacted the chapters are headed, in the manner of Romain Rolland, by musical terms descriptive in each case of the ensuing mood. The chapter which bears the inscription "Adagio assai" is particularly rich in suggested melody. One can hear in it the clash of arms between two eras bounded by a bloody war—the first being that of Schubert and Johann Strauss and the second being that which now dances to the tune of Master Misery's whistle. It was thus that the reality of the new era dawned upon Aunt Ilde: "One morning in that terrible little hour before the dawn when anxiety had done its worst, she got up and counted and recounted the thin packet of crowns left in her purse. . . . The result had sent her shivering back to bed, where, frightened by a fear beyond any she had ever known . . . she had pulled the bedclothes up over her head. She was afraid, afraid. . . ."

EMIL LENGYEL

Children of the Century

The Spring Flight. By Lee J. Smits. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

NO type of the contemporary novel is so assiduously cultivated in America as that of which Floyd Dell's "Moon-Calf" is the best-known example. Literally dozens of young men have written the autobiography of their youth with but little attempt to disguise the source of their material, and though they have not in most cases shown any evidence of that large imaginative grasp which makes the genuine novelist by giving him the power to participate in the lives of others, they have, in a surprising number of cases, written what they had to write extremely well. They have had but one adventure, the effort to adjust themselves to the life of their country, and when this adventure has been told they have had nothing more to say; but they have been keenly self-conscious, and they have spoken with energy and fire.

To discuss them too seriously as creative artists is to forget the nature of the artist's gift, which includes a far greater power of projection and which keeps alive in the artist a passionate interest in life long after he has made his primary adjustments. These young men, once they have passed through the fundamental experiences, once they have broken from parental influence, found their first regular employment, and oriented themselves in the world of amorous experience, cease to be more keenly alive than the average man. They have, if you wish to put it so, been but temporarily stimulated into art by the emotional tension attendant upon growing up, and they cannot, like the artist born, sustain their passion by any generalized or impersonal participation in the continuous drama of life. Thus they are not in the most important sense novelists at all. Yet their work has a very real significance of its own.

The first or the second of these novels which one reads strikes one with a new sort of truth. The fifth, the sixth, or the seventh may perhaps seem merely a little repetitious. But finally, if one perseveres, they take on a new impressiveness, by virtue not so much of their individual strength as of their bulk and the unanimity of the testimony which they bear. They are not, obviously, copies of one another—the feeling of each is too genuine to be imitation—and yet so similar are they in outline and attitude as to constitute nothing less than the biography of a generation singularly homogeneous in itself and yet obviously different from the generation which preceded it. These young men copied one another's lives no more than they copied one another's books, yet somehow they found themselves stirred by the same disgusts and moved by the same vague impulses. All over America youths whose discontent could not be traced to any reading or instruction awoke to a realization that the ways of life accepted by their communities held no interest for them. For no immediate observable cause they had ceased to believe in the standards of value or the code of morals which seemed to their parents self-evident, and in one way or another they broke away. Some thought they felt the call of artistic pursuits; others, more confused, drifted into temporary vagabondage of one sort or another and, half con-

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vinced that those who disapproved of them were right, admitted that they were "no good"; but one and all these youths experimented with life. They sought their bread, their philosophies, and their loves in ways which were adventurous at least in the sense that they were not accepted ways, and if in the end they arrived at something as commonplace as, let us say, journalism and marriage, they did not arrive at them by a beaten path, but deviously and dangerously. Only dimly aware of one another, and yet more dimly aware of their own aims and purposes, they were working together without knowing it. They broke the mold of American life to such an extent that the various institutions —the church, the school, the Elks' club, and the chamber of commerce—which seemed to their parents adequate channels of social life are such no longer, and the various conventional patterns into which life arranged itself in business or profession are no longer so regularly traced out.

Mr. Smits is a typical member of this group. Described as the son of a Puritan minister and as one who, having for the most part no formal education, spent most of his life in newspaper offices and lumber camps, he has written a novel which, whatever portions of it may be imagined, is obviously a record of his own emotional life and, though of course original in many incidents, essentially like the novels which dozens of his contemporaries have written. His hero, son of a respectable grocer and temperance agitator, finds himself for no discoverable reason entirely out of sympathy with the ideas and the ambitions of his parents. He begins by frequenting dance halls and saloons, the forbidden places of his town, largely because so doing furnishes the only protest of which he is capable against the life he is called upon to lead; and later, drifting from employment to employment, he meets every sort of person except that sort which occupies a recognized niche in society. He has, of course, his love adventures, and he ends nowhere in particular; but his adventures are colorful, and they are described with vivid frankness and detachment. Mr. Smits has not written a great novel, but he has written an entertaining book for the reason that he is a child of the century and can describe many others in describing himself.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Books in Brief

Profiles from Home. By Eunice Tietjens. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Continuing the mood and technique of Mrs. Tietjens's free-verse "Profiles from China" (1917). Something is lost by her coming home.

The Salem Witch Trials. By William Nelson Gemmill. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. $2.

Copious extracts from the actual testimony of witnesses is here for the first time given to the general public.

The Marriage of Two Nations. By Saxby Vouler Penfold. New York: The American English Literature Society.

Extraordinary things have been done in the name of sex, but Mr. Penfold is, we believe, the first to find in sex a convincing explanation of why Great Britain and the United States are separate nations and why they ought to be united. Those who agree with the author in thinking that God ought not to be referred to as a male, that the original Adam was bisexual, that the deep sleep into which he is said to have fallen, "and from which he has never awakened," was a hypnotic trance in the course of which he lost the feminine part of his nature, and that since Britain in history represents the brutal male and America the altogether lovely female, sexual attraction should bring the nations together in a union which "will command the commerce and secure the peace of the world," will be likely to get a prodigious amount of satisfaction out of this book. By the doubters, who will be many, it will be dismissed as rhapsodical nonsense.

Life and Erica. By Gilbert Frankau. The Century Company. $2.

Erica did not bury her talent. Instead, she took it up to London and there she met life. Life isn't all that it should be, but then it never is. At least it has compensating features, which Mr. Frankau describes skilfully. The novel is a highly colored affair—a slightly burnt offering of the mythical jazz age.

The Virgin Flame. By Ernest Pascal. Brentano's. $2.

Mr. Pascal invites the reader to weep with him over the fate of an unrecognized genius cut off from paradise by the flaming sword of jazz. His hero is so fearful of "compromising his art" that one begins to have serious doubts as to its existence. The book is vivid in incident and rich in detail; it is only the major premise which has grown shiny at the elbows.

National Party Platforms. By Kirk H. Porter. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

A collection of the major and minor party platforms since 1840 which should prove useful to those to whom the original or secondary sources are unavailable.

Alfred Stieglitz Presents Seven Americans

By GLEN MULLIN

NEARLY twenty years ago Alfred Stieglitz established at 291 Fifth Avenue what was then known as the Photo-Secession Gallery. It became a unique institution in American art. Through the influence of Mr. Stieglitz we came into close contact with the freshest and most significant of the new ideas which were agitating contemporary art in Europe. Extensive exhibitions of work by Matisse, Picasso, Henri Rousseau, Rodin, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others came to the Photo-Secession Gallery, or "291," as Mr. Stieglitz now prefers to call it. This gallery not only imported foreign pioneers in the strange modes; it sponsored the experiments of young Americans who had something new and vital to say. Such diverse painters as Marsden Hartley, Georgia O'Keefe, Max Weber, John Marin, Abraham Walkowitz were first made known to the public at "291." What effect Mr. Stieglitz's pioneering may have upon the development of American art only time can tell; but surely his high-minded hospitality to so many explorers and innovators could scarcely be a subversive influence in the art of any country.

Mr. Stieglitz recently presented at the Anderson Galleries "159 paintings, photographs, and things," mostly by old friends whom he had featured in past exhibitions. They included paintings by Arthur Dove, Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Charles Demuth, and Georgia O'Keefe. The photographs comprised studies by Paul Strand and Mr. Stieglitz. The paintings shown were all manifestations in various degrees of expressionism. The expressionist painter does not concern himself with reproducing the obvious shapes, colors, and textures of objects; what interests him is his own reveries or adventures in the emotional world which the object stimulates him to create. The plastic record on canvas of this experience is calculated to give one the hue and form of the emotion, the aesthetic impact of the psychic discharge itself; and so far as representation is concerned, the object responsible for the combustion is per se unimportant. So the object itself in the characteristic expressionist canvas is knocked into an adumbrated cocked hat. The outer world is no longer the recognizable world to which our physical senses are adjusted. It emerges sublimated in the exhalations of the Inner Self. It flows out upon canvas, an arbitrary transmutation, an iridescent bubble blown out of a psychic froth. This process is a negation of realism, of course; but it is entirely legitimate provided the artist "expressing" himself uses symbols that we can understand—a language that communicates genuine aesthetic emotion. Too often one feels that the expres-

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sionist painter in attempting to liberate his confessions from the unconscious is thwarted by the very temporal limitation of painting. Anchored in an art which is simultaneous, his message really demands an art of successive impressions—poetry or music. At any rate his trouble is imperfect communication. The frequent tragedy, then, is not that the expressionist is applying a glass eye to the keyhole of his soul but that his visual adventures are related in an unintelligible idiom.

John Marin's contributions to the recent exhibition are a case in point. Mr. Marin has created in the past some of the most lovely nuances of tone that have ever been floated upon the medium of water color. There has been a steady progression in his work, however, toward a mode more and more abstract, although until recently it has remained distinguished and beautiful. His admirers were puzzled by the revelation of his latest phase at the Anderson Galleries. There one was confronted by incoherent hashings of line, empty design, and very little evidence of his fine color passion. He seemed to be sporting solemnly with intellectual notations to such a degree as to stifle in the beholder all imaginative delight. Mr. Marin is groping for something; if he has found it, he alone knows what it is.

Less austere was the work of Marsden Hartley. Gifted like Mr. Marin with fine perceptions, he, too, is exploring with most dubious results. He was represented by a few landscapes and a multitude of still lifes. As the dominant color note of the entire show was terra-cotta and the pictures were all low-keyed, the general effect was depressingly monotonous. There was some sense of design in the landscapes, but the still lifes were merely amorphous accumulations of objects crudely painted. A lemon, a glass dish, a dried herring, a lily suggested no differentiation of handling. With texture, atmosphere, perspective, tone, design all carefully extracted, little was left beyond a feeling of weight. One wonders if the aesthetic value of mere volume is not overestimated these days.

Arthur Dove was represented by several storm motives that were not without beauty. These, however, were overshadowed too conspicuously by a clutter of stale jocosities made up of painted sections of wood glued together, bits of glass, sand, oyster shells, old watch springs—all assembled in glass cases and labeled Friends, Long Island, and so on. The Independent Artists, a few years ago, squeezed the last vestige of mirth out of this species of carpentry. Charles Demuth's portrait posters were excellent. Even though one as an outsider did not get the full force of the comic symbols, he could at least admire the craft employed.

Of all the painters exhibited at the Anderson Galleries, Georgia O'Keefe understood most clearly what she was about. Objective reality for her is a tenuous espalier upon which the spirit expands in strange, exuberant florescence. But this expressionism of hers, unlike Mr. Marin's, communicates itself. She records her moods with an accent which imparts a definite emotion to the spectator. She takes leaf, tree, and flower motives for the most part and translates them into gorgeous patterns of color. This color is beautifully managed upon the high, intense notes of the palette. Miss O'Keefe's rapt subjectivism resolves the hues and forms of reality into their essentials. We intuitively feel and recognize the truth she has made; it is not as if we were contemplating just Miss O'Keefe's personal edition of the universe created by and for herself as a solitary, lonely possession. It is rather as if a blundering something—our way of looking at nature, perhaps—had caused us to miss the essence of things, and then, quite suddenly, the aesthetic maladjustment had vanished.

As for Mr. Stieglitz's contribution to the exhibition, little need be said. His studies were beautiful, as they always are. This time he featured clouds marvelously lighted and composed. Paul Strand's photographs of sections of machinery paled beside them. Some of the painters whose work Mr. Stieglitz has championed would do well to imbibe his conscientious and lofty ideals of craftsmanship.

Drama

Ibsen's Iago

NO play of Ibsen's is more characteristic of him than "Rosmersholm," now being given a very intelligent performance by The Stagers at their Fifty-second Street Theater. None other of the master's works touches his mind at more salient points, and none affords a more typical illustration of his dramaturgic method. The masterly interweaving of the two tragedies, the one of the past and the other of the present, in such a way that the revelation of the first keeps exact pace with the unfolding of the second and the two climaxes, the one retrospective the other contemporary, follow upon each others' heels, is one of the greatest triumphs of his constructive skill; and no other play of his succeeds in crowding within its short length a greater number of the problems, social and individual, which those who seek to emancipate themselves must face.

It sometimes happens, however, that the most characteristic of an author's works is not of necessity his best, and so it is with "Rosmersholm." The very fact that it includes so much, that it attempts to deal at once with heredity, which is the subject of "Ghosts," with the social ostracization of a leader and his betrayal within his own ranks, which is the subject of "An Enemy of the People," and with its own particular theme, makes it impossible that any one subject should be given either the completeness of exposition or the finality of treatment which it receives in the other plays; and it might, indeed, be difficult to appreciate fully the implications of some of the points of view indicated were it not that the memory of other plays illuminates them. The piece is thus a sort of coda, returning to and briefly restating themes developed before, rather than a wholly independent work; and moreover its closeness to the author's mind makes it partake to some extent of the temporal nature of all minds.

Such a view of the rank of "Rosmersholm" in the list of Ibsen's plays is, perhaps, a little heterodox, but a candid comparison with the current production of "The Wild Duck" will, I believe, justify it. Fortunately, however, to deny that a play is Ibsen's greatest is far from saying that it is poor. "Rosmersholm" remains very great drama—so great, indeed, that the problem offered by a short review is the problem of deciding which of its many fascinating aspects shall be discussed. Putting aside its sociological problem, there can be no question that the conception of the character of Rebecca West is the thing which shows most clearly the advance made by the author over all previous dramatists in the understanding of at least one of the problems of human nature, or that it constitutes the distinctive contribution of the play.

This girl, possessed of the magnificently vital will of youth and a conscience free of all scruple, had, it will be remembered, found her way to Rosmersholm. There she had seen in the young minister a fit instrument of her purpose and moved half by a ferocious devotion to a scheme for the propagation of advanced ideas and half by a growing love for the man himself, she had decided to rid him of the wife whom she regarded as a burden to him and to her. Gradually and all unknown to him she had insinuated into the mind of the sick wife the idea that it was her duty to remove herself, and finally, as a supreme sacrifice of love, this wife had flung herself from a little bridge to death in the mill race beneath. Now had any previous dramatist stumbled upon such a plot, Rebecca could not have seemed other than a fiend. Her remorseless will, the subtlety of her guile, and the inhuman skill with which she played upon the goodness of others make her a sister of Iago—a problem in inexplicable evil—and as such Shakespeare, for example, would have been constrained to treat her. But the human heart is not so simple; villains clear-cut and self-confessed are figments of the imagination and born of an observation which cannot

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penetrate into the innermost recesses of the soul.) Behind the villainy of Iago, if Iago ever existed, lay a tortuous psychology which Shakespeare, who saw him as simple black, could not comprehend, but which Ibsen, in an analogous case, could; and in the magnificent confession scene of the third act he makes Rebecca lay her soul bare. (She had not definitely and deliberately committed herself to evil, but evil had slipped upon her unawares, and even in the moment when she was executing her most fiendish designs she was not undivided, for one half of her had said: "This is what I want to happen," while another half had assured her: "But it will not and cannot *really* happen." She had begun to plot in the service of a fanatical devotion to a "cause," and this devotion might at least seem to justify her. (Gradually the desire to gain for herself the possession of the man had intruded itself, but so gradually that she herself did not know at what moment she had ceased to be a pure if fanatical servant of an idea and become merely a remorseless woman securing the object of her passion.) Down somewhere below the level which critical consciousness can reach, subterranean desires had bewitched while they molded her into the semblance of a demon which she could not recognize. (Who can set up to judge her when she cannot judge herself, who can set her down as simple villain when she herself was caught in a more subtle trap than any she could devise? That is the question which every artist of today must ask himself when confronted with a similar problem.) The day of Iagos is passed. (Rebecca represents the modern conception of villainy, and Ibsen was the first to show conclusively how this conception might be made dramatic.)

The present performance is, as I have said, highly intelligent. If it is not absolutely perfect, that is because it is a little too subdued and not sufficiently tense. Miss Margaret Wycherley is magnificent in her moments of self-reproach and despair, but less successful in the earlier scenes when she is called upon to suggest quietly the enormous vitality and fascination of the character. The next best individual bit is contributed by J. M. Kerrigan as Ulric Brendel, although Carl Anthony as Doctor Kroll is extremely good, and Warren William adequate in the very exacting role of Johannes Rosmer.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATRE THEATRE

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International Relations Section

India's Opium Traffic

DURING the recent debate on the budget in the Indian Legislative Assembly, the Independent and Swaraj groups asked the Rev. C. F. Andrews, an Englishman who is close to Gandhi, to prepare for them a memorandum on the use of opium in India. At the opium conference held under the auspices of the League of Nations at Geneva India was officially "represented" by two Englishmen; Indians have protested that these officials did not express the desire of the Indian people in the stand they took but only that of the Government of India. Portions of Mr. Andrews's memorandum are here reprinted from the Bombay *Chronicle* of March 30:

Internal Consumption

The Government of India declared at Geneva that India's internal consumption of opium could not be limited to India's medicinal needs. But the opium reformers, including America, would have been satisfied if India had agreed to reduce internal consumption approximately to the index-figure of the League of Nations, which stands at 6 seers (one seer equals approximately 2 pounds) per 10,000 of population. That amount of 6 seers per 10,000 is arrived at after much calculation, and is regarded as sufficient to supply amply the full medicinal requirements to civilized people. Today, the opium figure for the whole of India is nearly 12 seers per 10,000 of the Indian population, or nearly double the estimate of the League of Nations. But while there are "opium" addicted areas in India where the consumption is enormously too high, there are also many whole provinces wherein the League of Nations index-figure is hardly at all exceeded. For instance, the United Provinces stands lowest, with a rate of 6 per 10,000—exactly the League of Nations figure. Bengal, Behar, and Madras stand next, with a ratio of 8 per 10,000. The Punjab stands in the middle, with an average of 11 per 10,000. Bombay is double the amount, with 22 per 10,000, and Burma's figure is 28. Assam is far the worst of all, with the alarming rate of 52 per 10,000. In some districts of Assam, where the Assamese race predominates, the rate goes up to 173 seers per 10,000 and 189 seers and even to 237 seers in one instance. The last-named figure is the worst in India and Burma. In Burma the presence of the Chinese makes for a high average. We have Mergui, with its tin mines which employ Chinese laborers, with a consumption of 147 seers per 10,000, Tavoy with 66 per 10,000, Katha with 55, and so on. These high figures in Burma are due to the presence of Chinese who are opium smokers.

But the most alarming figures of all are probably to be found in the modern industrial centers of India itself. There the excessive consumption of opium is very marked, and we know from the records of Bombay and Ahmedabad and Calcutta how much this is given by mothers to young babies. The figures are as follows: Calcutta consumes 144 seers per 10,000, Rangoon 108, Ferozepore 60, Ludhiana 49, Lahore 40, Amritsar 28, Cawnpore 29, Ahmedabad 42, Bombay 43, Broach 51, Sholapur 35, Karachi 46, Hyderabad 52, Madras 26, Cuttack 25, Balasore 56.

In Calcutta and Rangoon, the presence of Chinese probably accounts for the extraordinarily high percentage. It is not difficult to see that on the whole the mass of the Indian village population remains remarkably free from excess in opium consumption (except in Assam and Burma). But the town population, where the religious sanctions of the village life have broken down, has begun to succumb to the insidious opium habit and the danger is very great indeed of still further increase of vicious consumption of opium. I have already mentioned the daily doping of babies. This leads to chronic constipation and children who are thus habitually doped suffer from debility and intestinal weakness for the rest of their lives. We are in danger of producing a weakly and debilitated industrial population which will be a terrible drag on the prosperity of India in the future.

Let me, before passing on, give in a table the opium consumption of the different provinces and areas: United Provinces 6.6 per 10,000, Bengal 8.1, Behar and Orissa 8.3, Madras 8.5, N. W. Frontier 10.2, Punjab 12, Central Provinces 16.1, Bombay 22.2, Burma 28.7, Assam 52.1, Beluchistan 6, Ajmere 52.7, Coorge 2.3 (Delhi not given). Grand total 12 per 10,000.

After examining these figures very carefully it will be seen that it is in the most thickly populated agricultural provinces on the whole that the lowest records are made. The first four provinces, whose records are fairly near the League of Nations index figure of 6 per 10,000, have a population of 170,000,000. It is clear, therefore, that if we were to deal thoroughly and drastically with what might be called the darker areas, such as Assam and the industrial centers, we should effect two objects:

(a) We should counteract the terribly near danger of the vast bulk of the Indian population becoming infected—a fate which has already happened to China.

(b) We should be able to bring down the final grand total for the whole of India, which is now just double the League of Nations index figure, to a much more decent level. Indeed, we might bring the All-India record within the medicinal limits recognized by the League of Nations itself.

It may be stated, without hesitation, that if we could bring the All-India figure down to 8 instead of 12, the League of Nations at Geneva would be satisfied. The actual figure for America today is 8 grains per head, which works out at about 4 seers per 10,000 of the population. But Switzerland, even with a Dangerous Drugs Act, is as high as India's present rate of 12 seers. I have quoted these statistics to show that there is still undoubtedly large variation even in the West, where opium can be obtained only under medical prescription.

What follows from this analysis is the fact that if we seriously tackle the three outstanding evils of the present internal opium situation in India, namely:

(a) The Chinese evil in Burma and Calcutta,

(b) The Assamese race addiction,

(c) The increasing evil at industrial centers,

we might actually be able, without a Dangerous Drugs Act at all (which would be very difficult to work in India), to bring our opium consumption down to a much lower figure than at present, and we should be able to stand a very fair comparison with Japan and the leading nations of the West. But for such a drastic revision and impartial inquiry to be effective an All-India Committee must be appointed. It would not be satisfactory merely to rely on local investigation, for, as will be seen from the above analysis, the problem must be tackled as a whole. I hope that such a drastic inquiry will be asked for when the opium vote is brought forward on the budget. The Royal Commission of 1894-95, on which the Government of India continually relies, is now out of date. A new India has come to birth since then, with new industrial and other problems. Also India has become an original member of the League of Nations. For these and other reasons a new inquiry is absolutely necessary. Whether it should be a Royal Commission or not should be decided by the Legislative Chambers.

It ought to be made clear to everyone that Japan and the United States and practically every Western country have refused to make revenue out of opium because they are aware that consumption beyond medical requirements "is a dead loss in health and strength and moral stamina to the whole nation." As Ruskin so well pointed out, the ultimate wealth of any country is the weal, or well-being, of the people. No financial return can make up for loss of health and moral

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stamina. Therefore, every rupee saved from the opium revenue is equal to many rupees saved in public health and public efficiency. A fall in the opium revenue must be always a matter for congratulation. A rise in the opium revenue is a thing to be feared.

External Consumption

It is now necessary to turn to the export of opium from India to the countries of the Far East for purposes of opium smoking. In the end, at Geneva, it was over this opium exported for smoking—rather than over the internal consumption of opium in India, beyond medical requirements—that America finally broke away and left the conference.

It is necessary at this point very closely to follow the American argument, because the good faith and honor of India are involved. America has publicly accused the Indian Government of conniving at a breach of a solemn contract, signed and sealed at the Hague Convention of 1912-13, in the plainest possible terms and in quite undiplomatic language. Great Britain and India were accused before the League of Nations of a breach of treaty. Many apologetic words were uttered afterward by Lord Robert Cecil in trying to smooth matters over, but in spite of all attempts at a compromise and appeals to the American delegation to withdraw the words uttered, the strong, blunt, and almost brutal accusation still remained, unrepealed and uncorrected. President Coolidge, fully approving of the action of the American delegation, recalled the delegates by a curt cablegram in disgust.

Let us examine very carefully the actual point at which this breach occurred and the accusation which was leveled against Great Britain and India as responsible and civilized nations.

The Hague Convention of 1912-13, in Article VII, states as follows:

> The contracting powers shall prohibit the import and export of prepared opium. Those powers, however, which are not yet ready to prohibit immediately the export of prepared opium shall prohibit it as soon as possible.

A large proportion of the opium exported from India goes to the British possessions in the Far East. It is at once prepared by the government of those British possessions for opium smoking and sold in opium dens under a government monopoly. The Government of India gets out of its contract by saying that it does not send out prepared opium, but raw opium. The American delegation stated that this was a mere quibble. It was a connivance between two parties at a breach of contract, because it was well known that all the opium sent out from India to the Far East was used for smoking purposes.

The British possessions in the Far East which imported this Indian opium took shelter under the words "shall prohibit it as soon as possible." They said that they needed time to bring the traffic to an end. The American delegates pointed out that thirteen years had already elapsed since the signing of the Hague Convention, on January 23, 1912. How much more time did the contracting powers want? Could they go on delaying till doomsday? . . .

Let us see how the matter stands for India itself and the obligations of the Indian people with respect to world opinion and the opinion of the League of Nations.

It is quite certain that practically every chest of opium that leaves India for the Far East is immediately prepared for smoking and used for smoking. Therefore, Indian opium which is used all over the Far East should obviously come under this article of the Hague Convention. The only real ambiguity lies in the closing words: "Shall prohibit it as soon as possible."

Having signed this Article VII, we in India ought as soon as possible to have reduced our export of opium to the Far East to such amounts as are sanctioned by the League of Nations, i.e., to about 6 to 8 seers per 10,000 of population. At present, the consumption of Indian opium for smoking in

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the Straits Settlements is well over 1,000 seers per 10,000 of the Chinese population to whom its sale is permitted. The same is almost equally true of Indo-China and Macao and other Far Eastern possessions. Whatever we may lose in revenue by forfeiting this trade we shall win back a hundred times over in moral prestige throughout the world.

Here again, the whole problem of opium exported from India should be settled after a careful and thorough inquiry by a first-rate commission. At Geneva, as I have already shown, and repeat for the sake of absolute clearness, the Government of India, along with Great Britain, proposed that first of all an interval should be allowed for opium smoking to continue in the Far East until China stopped its excessive opium cultivation; afterward a period of fifteen years should be counted, and at the end of this whole double period opium smoking should be suppressed. America proposed that fifteen years should be allowed from the date of the end of the Geneva Conference, not from the time when China ceased to cultivate excessive opium. Furthermore, America declared that the attitude of Great Britain and India had been merely obstructionist throughout.

We ought not to be satisfied with this attitude taken up by the Government of India on our behalf, which has so offended America that she left the Geneva conference. At least, we should submit our export traffic to a thorough investigation, just as we should submit our internal consumption. If there is anything which is against the dictates of humanity, we should be at once ready to sacrifice this very small fraction of our Indian revenue. In the long run, the moral credit that India will obtain in the world, by taking up a truly humanitarian attitude on this question, is of far more material and spiritual importance to India in her history than a certain number of rupees in hand today, which are obtained by offering to other people what is recognized as a poison. Just as Great Britain won great credit in history a century ago by the suppression of the slave traffic, so India may obtain great credit in history today by the suppression of the opium traffic.

The Passionate Protestant

THE *Berliner Tageblatt*, in its issue of March 10, 1925, published an interesting letter written by the Kaiser in 1901 to his relative, Princess Anne of Hesse, widow of Count Alexander Frederick of Hesse, who had announced her decision to become a Catholic:

Your Royal Highness! It is with the deepest regret that I learn from Your Royal Highness's letter that Your Royal Highness is inclined to turn away from the religion of the House which gave you birth as well as of that whose name you bear. Perhaps this act of desertion and treachery has already been carried out, although the chief of the court denies that publicly in a fashion which can only increase the tragic and evil effect of this lamentable step.

Thus Your Royal Highness denies the faith to which all of your ancestors, both on your father's side and on your mother's side, in the House of Hohenzollern and in the House of Weimar, have steadfastly been true; the faith upon respect and devotion to which our House has built its power, with and through which alone our House has risen to the throne of empire; the faith in which our common ancestor the Great Elector found the beacon of his path. And this same evangelical faith, to which our House has always held as to a rock, has since the beginning of the Reformation been accepted and defended with particular devotion by the houses of Weimar and Hesse. Your Royal Highness is betraying the faith to which not only your ancestors but also your children belong, which counts among its most distinguished devotees Philip the Generous.

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solation neither in the Gospel nor the Evangelical Church. Your Royal Highness has simply not understood the sublime teachings of the Gospel at all if you are able to desert them. I shall no longer be able to recognize Your Royal Highness as a member of our House, with whose most sacred traditions you have so rebelliously broken. I remain, therefore, firm in my telegraphed decision that if Your Royal Highness perseveres in this proceeding it will mean a complete break in all intercourse with all members of my House, and I have caused the head of the Royal Hessian line to be informed of this decision. The House of Hohenzollern expels Your Royal Highness and has forgotten your existence.

Homburg, August 7, 1901 WILLIAM, Emperor and King

Contributors to This Issue

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